

# The Grail



# The Grail

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## THE GRAIL

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# When Christmas Comes

*Placidus S. Kempf, O.S.B.*

EACH Christmas night  
When Jesus, born anew,  
Within the crib was laid,  
St. Francis sent  
These fourteen Angels, paired,  
Each one a nursing maid.



I

CONTRITION came  
To bathe the tender Babe  
With tears from sorrow's  
eye;  
CONFESSION hung  
The swaddling clothes up  
in  
The sun of grace to dry.

II

The downy bed  
Deep MEDITATION made,  
Filled with affections warm,  
Whilst CHARITY  
Embraced the smiling Child  
With double coddling arm.

III

Beside the Crib  
Pure, tender CONSCIENCE stood  
To keep all harm afar,  
Whilst FEAR OF GOD  
Kept constant watch lest aught  
The Infant's rest should mar.

IV

DEVOTION took  
The Babe into its arms  
And vowed fidelity till death,  
As PRAYER spoke  
In love's quick, secret code—  
The soul's own scented breath.

V

The task to hold  
The Child whilst being bathed  
To PERSEVERANCE fell,  
And PIETY  
Shed burning tears at sight  
Of where God chose to dwell.

VI

OBEDIENCE,  
To do the Infant's will,  
Was poised on outstretched  
wings,  
Whilst from His gaze  
Keen CIRCUMSPECTION took  
All base, offending things.

VII

Sweet MERCY brought  
True joy to Jesus' Heart,  
So humble, meek, and mild;  
By stinting self  
Glad ABSTINENCE could give  
Refreshment to the Child.

VIII

O new-born Babe,  
As Christmas comes again  
What can I offer Thee  
More dear than this?  
Clothed in this proper garb  
I come Thy nurse to be.



# *St. Anthony Finds a Star*

Aimée Torriani

- - - - -

Eloise Lownsbery





Illustrated by Paul Grout



THE girls needed shoes. Mary Lee had returned to New York a year before to marry her salesman, who worked at Millers. Before departing the other extra girls living in the Loft had relieved her of every pair of shoes she had, except the diminutive sandals on her tiny feet. But now even those were nearly spent. Heels and toes

were worn down to the danger line.

"There's nothing to do Pat," Tory declared, but to concentrate on Mary Lee's Joe sending us a box of odd sizes. Helen, you go into the silence. Come on Beth, we'll run down and burn a candle to St. Anthony, he's a good one to find things, even shoes."

Beth and Tory scampered down the ladder that descended from the Loft and into the jingling Charlotte Chevrolet, and they were on their way to the Blessed Sacrament Church in Hollywood.

Father Ivanovich's Benediction was over when they reached the Church and only a few souls lingered in the dim edifice. Tory's candle, kindled from another on the quaint iron rack, burned bravely. St. Anthony must have smiled indulgently at the ardor of their request for shoes. Beth, though not a Catholic believed with Tory that if shoes were the impelling need of the moment, they must have utter faith that Joe Jones, who had married Mary Lee, would suddenly be inspired to ship them a box of shoes.

If St. Anthony had a mind to indulge these trusting extra girls, his heart was at the same time touched by the bowed figure who knelt in the next pew. She had been a great actress; beloved, applauded, acclaimed. Now she found herself old, penniless, and alone. To be Broadway broke was bad, but somehow to be Hollywood broke seemed worse. On Broadway, Marny Earl occasionally met old friends, the great names of her generation, fast going, it was true; but in New York some remembered her; in Hollywood they had not even heard of her. She knew now that she should have entered the Actors' Fund Home in Englewood; there she could have consorted with Juliettes and Lady Teazles and Camilles of yesteryears. Here there was no one to care or to understand that her dream of a picture career had been cruelly shattered. She had even been turned out of her position as wardrobe mistress for the Prominent Players. The landlord had threatened to rent her apartment that afternoon. True there were those to whom she could wire, but she would starve first.

So she beseeched St. Anthony to send someone to her.

Marny preceded the two girls up the aisle. She dipped her fingers in the marble font and turned to share the Holy Water with her neighbor.

"Hello Marny dear," whispered Tory, "don't you remember me? I was dressed as a little page boy in 'Henry the Eighth' when you were the great Queen Katherine. How I worshipped you!"

Tory's radiant friendliness bridged all time and space.

Marny blushed at the warm tribute. Was it possible that one of Hollywood's pretty girls actually played Shakespeare? Many in Hollywood thought Shakespeare was a horse who won the Derby.

"This is my friend Beth Wallace; she's been in New York too and I'm sure her Mother took her to see you when she was a very little girl."

"I never saw you, but my mother has a wonderful picture of you, and she used to sit and look at it before I was born. She often tells me that is why I'm going to be a great actress."

Marny smiled, "Thou art a cure for sorrow, my good wenches."

"Where are you living, Marny dear? Do let us take you home," Tory begged. "We have a car, such as it is."

Marny winced. She was not sure of having a home to go back to. She straightened her shoulders proudly; their adulation was meat and drink to her. As she had not had a full meal in a week, she was doubly grateful for it.

"Are you working in pictures?" Tory asked.

"I have been," Marny admitted with dignity, "but for the moment I am resting."

Both girls understood. In fact, for the past two months, the gang had done little else, unfortunately, but rest, young and beautiful though they were.

They started up Beachwood Drive.

"It's the apartment house just before you reach the gates to Hollywoodland," explained Marny, fearing lest they should want to come in, and girl like, that was exactly what they did want.

"You must have fascinating pictures," said Beth trying to imagine herself writing home to her mother that she had been with the great Marny Earl.

Marny thought of her tiny single; a table, a chair, a built in bed and her few heirlooms of bygone days. But there was a lobby in the apartment. In decency she would have to ask them in there.

So the three entered. The superintendent bustled forth officiously.

"Here are your bags, Miss Earl," he said; "I had the janitor pack for you; I rented your apartment this afternoon."

Marny's eyes blazed. "How dare you insult me?" they said, but her lips drew together in a firm line. She swayed, as if she had been struck. Tory stepped to her side, instantly sensing the situation, and took her arm protectingly. She turned to the man with her most disarming and winning smile.

"You must have felt honored at having so famous an actress as your guest," she said. "In New York Miss Earl is sought out by the four hundred, but because of her kindness in remembering me when I was a little girl in her company, she has consented to be our guest for a little while. Would you be good enough to carry her bags to my car."

Beth was dumb with wonder at his fawning manner, as he deposited the shabby bags in the rickety, tattered car. But if it had been the most expensive car on the market Tory could not have driven off in more elegant style.

In the back seat, among the bags, Beth wondered what Tory intended

doing with this distinguished guest in the Loft, already overcrowded. She was thankful to be able to fly ahead, up the ladder to warn the gang.

This little crowd of extra girls lived in an old loft, which had once been a warehouse for furniture used in the days of silent pictures. They slept and sat and ate on beds, chairs and tables which the public have oft seen in Chaplin, Pickford and Fairbanks pictures, but in 1941, these articles of furniture are literally on "their last legs." However if Sarah Bernhardt herself had stepped into their midst, there could have been no greater welcome accorded her. It did what no amount of suffering and privation could do; it completely unnerved Marney. Tory sat by her; everybody disappeared. Babs and Phyllis scurried to make hot coffee. Helen and Beth went to Ralph's to beg the man to give them a quarter's credit that they might have some hot soup to feed their guest. Gloria lighted the incense. By the time the food was ready, Marney was laughing with Tory about the good old days. The gang literally sat at her feet, drinking in story after story of her fascinating life.

"But it is a tale that is told," Marney said sadly. "You have youth and beauty and courage; the divine spark. Hunger and privation are fun for you now, but when you are old—Do you remember, Tory, in 'Henry the Eighth' how often Katherine says, 'a poor weak woman, fall'n from favor, friendless and hopeless'?"

"Nonsense, Marney dear." Tory scolded gently, "You are not old, not with that twinkle in your eye. Art never dies; there must be something great ahead for you. St. Anthony will find it."

Helen who was the gypsy type, her short black hair fitting her head like a pair of raven's wings picked up a small crystal ball.

"I can see scattered manuscripts about."

"Your biography," sang Patsy. "Biographies of people hardly cold in their graves are the rage right now. We'll begin it tomorrow. You've been with all the great ones who have died these past few months."

Marney laughed into her tiny white handkerchief. Patsy said everything with an Irish brogue that took the sting right out of it.

Helen raised her hand for silence as she gazed intently into the crystal.

"I see something purple; it's rolling along."

"Purple denotes victory and triumph" said Tory with drama in her voice.

"Incidentally," inquired Phyllis, "don't you see any shoes in the crystal?"

"Shoes?" wondered Marney.

"Yes if it hadn't been for our burning a candle to Saint Anthony for shoes, we'd never have found you."

"I didn't dream there was a group of such pretty, intelligent and understanding girls in the whole world, much less in Hollywood," Marney said sincerely.

"There are heaps more like us Marney," said Patsy. "We're the fuel in the hot furnace of Filmland, indispensable, but yet unrecognized, one foot in and one foot out sort of performance. It's the risk and the close to starvation point that makes us seem human to you."

"I'll have to thank St. Anthony for sending you to me," said Marney.



"We'll thank him for sending you to us," smiled Tory, when she was making her bed on the floor, out of coats and table covers.

"Here's to a fine tomorrow."

**B**UT the next morning their guest was tossing with fever and delirium. Tory bent over her anxiously. Marney was certainly ill. The gang held a hurried consultation. The Studio Club Doctor was called. He pronounced her illness bronchitis, said Marney was run down, anemic; she would need good care and plenty of nourishing food, after the fever had broken. He might as well have said a trip to Europe. The girls faced one another. To scramble along from day to day, from hand to mouth, was piquant, adventuresome, often picturesque, but to have suddenly a sick visitor, whose very life

might depend on obeying the doctor's orders, was a new experience to them.

No queen was ever more tenderly cared for. Each girl did her share. For days and nights Marney Earl was close to the border. Father Ivanovich, the Jesuit from the Blessed Sacrament Church, came twice to give her the Sacraments. After he left Tory said:

"I tell you girls, I can't let her die." Her voice was vigorous, "It's Marney herself that I care about, but it's the principle too. The public lauds and adores the actress, then passes on after a few years to a new love, and because she has not hoarded her money, but has shared it with others who were struggling up the same hard trail, the feeling is that she should be allowed to die in poverty, or be cared for by funds and charity, forgotten and unlived. I tell you it's all wrong, it's not the law. All that she has given is bound to come back to her. She can't be more than sixty; at sixty many a person is just beginning. We can't let her die like this."

"It's not so much a case of money," Pat took up where Tory left off, "as it's a matter of new life, of some big purpose for Marney. I'd like to see for her ultimate thousands, instead of immediate pennies. It's really the hunger for the grease paint and acting that's killing her."

"I get it," Helen wheeled. "It's our instinct for drama. It's light fighting darkness; joy against grief; love opposed to loneliness. We don't want her to snuff out, to be conquered by old age and poverty. We're fighting a big fight, girls, with the odds against us."

It was Beth, brought up to think more or less that Catholics had horns, but who as a member of the Loft was fast changing many of her ideas, who said, "I've got an idea. How about asking St. Anthony?"

"Beth's got it Tory," flashed Pat.

"Tomorrow's Sunday," retorted Tory, who could catch anybody's thought on the fly. "We'll cover every Mass we can at the Beverly Hills and Hollywood Catholic Churches where the stars go. Whoever ones we see kneeling at St. Anthony altars, we'll approach."

The gang couldn't shout for fear of waking Marney from her delirium, but they waved their hands; the idea was a good one, they would carry it through, although Phyllis did say in an undertone, "The only stars I can ever recognize are Mickey Rooney and Shirley Temple, and surely they'll not remember Marney Earl, nor do I think I'll find them beseeching the good St. Anthony to help them get along."

However, covering St. Anthony's shrines and altars resulted in their

finding five stars in the upper brackets, listed as his devoted followers.

"Now that we've gotten the roll call, what do we do with it?" asked Phyllis, who heretofore had never spent more than an hour in her English Village Protestant Parish Church. Five hours on her St. Anthony vigil must surely bring some concrete results.

Patsy thought quickly. "We'll get Pat Sommerset of the Motion Picture Relief Fund to send the telegrams for us; he will."

Hence it was that five telegrams reached five stars at the same minute; each read the same;

IF YOU LOVE SAINT ANTHONY PLEASE CALL AT THE LOFT NEXT TO THE STUDIO CLUB ON LODI PLACE STOP SIGN READS ENTER HERE ALL YE WHO ARE ON THE RAGGED EDGE STOP THE GREAT ACTRESS MARNEY EARL IS WITHIN.

Two chauffeurs, carrying checks and goodies climbed the ladder, but one star came herself, Magda Chase. Magda the unapproachable, unsociable, untouchable star of stars was led into the spacious Loft, dimly

lighted, where on a low bed lay Marney Earl, fragile and wasted. Magda knelt beside her, burying her head in the dusty covers. The eyelids of the sick woman quivered, then fluttered open. She was gathered into the arms of the onetime hit player in her company and now Hollywood's highest paid and most illusive star.

"How did you find her?" asked Magda of Tory.

"Through a magic wand of ours," Tory smiled. "One can never lose what really belongs to him. Marney belongs in all our lives. She needed you and us and we all needed her." She looked at Marney for her approval.

Marney raised herself and perked her head, in a quaint little fashion she had been famous for.

"Where are the others?"

Tory gave a low whistle and out of the corners tumbled the gang.

"You've thought I didn't know," Marney said softly, "all you've given up for me... your love has absolutely recreated me and made me ready for new life."

"Happy endings do happen in real life, especially with Saint Anthony

plugging for you," Pat said putting on the Irish thick as butter.

There was a relieved burst of laughter; in fact everybody's feelings needed uncorking. While the girls buzzed about Marney, Tory was busily planning with Magda. They called up the Doctor for his sanction; they summoned Iago, the chauffeur; he carried Marney, fur enveloped, down to Magda's purple car, as if she were a bit of priceless cloisone.

Three weeks later there was a letter received at the Loft from one of Hollywood's best shoe stores stating the fact that there was a standing order for twenty five pairs of shoes to be fitted at any time. When they inquired of the Jewish salesman who left the order he answered with a twinkle, "I believe the name is St. Anthony."

Six weeks later, Marney Earl signed a three years contract with the first company of Screenland, to make at least four pictures a year. When she is asked who got her this great chance, her answer is;

"St. Anthony is my agent."

# GOSPEL MOVIES BY P.K.



"He began to speak correctly."  
—St. Mark 7:35

## A LITTLE SPITTLE

THERE are three kinds of tobacco chewers: those that chew and spit; those that chew and *do not* spit; and those that do not chew, but *spit* out words that are filthier than the juicy weed and more damaging to character than the brown spots on a white bosom shirt. Is there such a spitter in your family? Perhaps he or she (yes, even the ladies (?) do it) prefers to be called an expectorator, but that does not change the improper language. The tongue is desecrated, the other members of the family are scandalized, and *God is offended*.

St. Mark tells us that when Jesus healed the deaf-mute, He put His fingers into the man's ears and *spitting*, He touched his tongue. Looking up to heaven He *sighed* and said: "Be thou

opened!" And his ears were at once opened, and the bond of his tongue was loosed, and he began to *spoke correctly*.

Jesus *sighed*—foreseeing all the improper language these newly opened ears would have to listen to, and would, perhaps, teach the tongue parrot-like to repeat. He moistened His thumb with spittle (as with holy oil) and pressed it as a seal upon the man's tongue. It was the consecration of his tongue to speak only as the Master spoke, to utter only words of truth, of instruction, of encouragement, of forgiveness, of blessing, of praise of His heavenly Father. Go, and do likewise, or remain mute! If this were the rule of speech in every home the ever-present Guest, with His delicately attuned and all-hearing ear would no longer sigh nor be offended so shamelessly.



# Jane Frances and the Archbishop

Gerard Ellspermann, O.S.B.

**Y**OU'LL LIKE the Greens—all twelve of them. I mean father and mother, and the ten little Greens. You'll like Grandmother Logan, too, as much as the ten little Greens like their grandmother.

The Greens used to live on Quincy Street in Washington, D. C. They have now moved to Newton Street to the former residence of a good Catholic family from whom I received my first introduction to this wonderful group of thirteen. Just recently this little note came to me:

"It is just a little sootier here than the other house. However, I always did have a time trying to keep all the faces clean, so I'll just have to reconcile myself to 'Grimy Greens' until they reach the vain stage. Then, as much as I fuss now to get them into the wash-room, I suppose I'll have to fuss just as much to get them out."

Mr. and Mrs. Green have always been well thought of, but it was the action of an Archbishop which brought them and their family to the public eye and admiration. God had blessed the union of Philip Green and Dolores Logan with another child—the tenth in their twelve years of happy married life. Somehow the Archbishop of Baltimore, Archbishop Curley, heard the news of the arrival of little Jane Frances Green. At his home the Archbishop told a friend that he was going to baptize Jane Frances and confessed that he was looking forward with pleasure to the ceremony.

The Archbishop did come. And the July 4th issue of the *Catholic Review* of Baltimore carried a long story about the event, together with two large pictures of the ceremony.

While the father, mother, grandmother and the nine children looked on, Jane Frances was baptized. After this the Archbishop laid the newly-baptized child on the altar of the Blessed Mother and there dedicated her to the Mother of God. Years from now, Jane Frances may look at the pictures taken on that day and

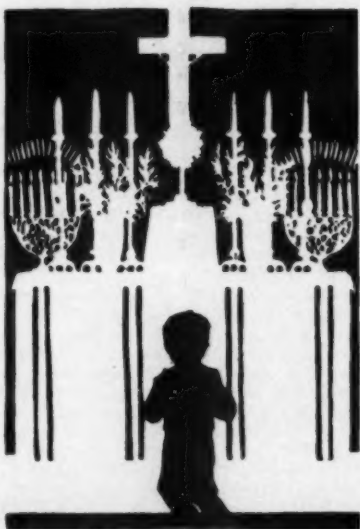
be proud with a justifiable pride. "It was a great day for the—Greens!"

"Shure, now, and why did our good Archbishop go out of his way to do all this?" an Irish lady said, but the type of question mark that was in her voice, told the listener that she was going to give the answer herself. "He was showing his admiration for Jane Frances' parents, now wasn't he?" In fact the Archbishop did say that the Greens are wonderful parents, that their family and home life preach a lesson that is more eloquent than a sermon. Their home is a Catholic home where the happiness that broods over them all is born of sacrifice.

Yes, theirs is a Catholic home. I speak not from what I have heard about them or read, but from what I have seen. There is an atmosphere about the family which is manifestly religious. As I left the home one day, all knelt down to receive the priestly blessing. With the Greens the feast day of the patron saints of the children and parents is marked by a celebration more festive than usual. In fact the good grandmother remarked that, because of the moving, a number of the feasts of the children were going to be joined together this year. You have only to notice the Catholic names in the family. There is Joseph Anthony, Mary Ann, Cecilia, Bernadette Elizabeth, Agnes, Theresa, Peter, Michael, and Patrick, not to forget little Jane Frances.

The necessity of prayer is emphasized in this household. Morning prayers are said kneeling beside their beds, while each night finds them all gathered together for prayer in common with the head of the family leading them.

The Greens are proud of their children. The Archbishop is quoted in the *Catholic Review* as saying, "I know of no woman who exemplifies the joys of motherhood better than Mrs. Green. Her husband is what the ideal husband is supposed to be, one who glories in his wife and family." The children, too, are proud of their family. They boasted one day to their mother



and father that their family beat any other for blocks around.

With all the work that a large family entails, the mother (owing especially to the invaluable aid given to her by her own mother) is able to devote time to teaching her children some of the cultural things of life. When I saw them in August she was learning the piano in order to be able to teach the youngsters something about music.

Thus, to the Greens and to all like them—hats

off! There are many such Catholic families, God be thanked for them. There are many families who exemplify by their lives the perfect triangle—husband, wife, children. There is many a Catholic wife whose joy is to hang out the family washing (Mrs. Green won a prize once for writing an essay for a Washington paper on the subject). There is many a Catholic husband who glories in his wife and his family.

I hope you like the Greens.

## The Flight into Egypt

(Written by a Fifth Grade boy—nine years of age)

Time: Night

Persons: Joseph, Mary, Jesus, Angel

Act I—Night—at Nazareth

Joseph: z z z z z z z z z z z z z z

Mary: z z z z z z z z z z z z z z

Jesus: z z z z z z z z z z z z z z

ACT II—Night—at Nazareth

Angel: Wakest thou, Joseph, and takest Mary and the Holy Child and fleest into Egypt. Herod seekest the Holy Child.

Joseph: Wakest up, Mary. We must flee into Egypt. Herod seekest to kill the Holy Child.

Mary: O, dear. I will hurry and get the Child ready. Wakest up, Jesus, we must fleest into Egypt.

ACT III—On the trip.

Joseph: (silent)

Mary: (silent)

Jesus: (silent)

ACT IV—In Egypt

Joseph: Lookest Mary, they are adoring false gods.

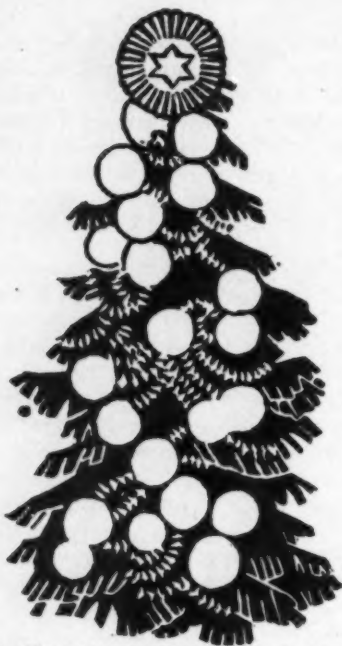
Mary: This is terrible. Lookest, Jesus.

Jesus: (looks).

Statues: Crash... Boom... Bang... Crumble!







# *A Christmas Morn* *in* *Mazatlan*

*By Lieut. Harry E. Rieseberg*

**M**AZATLAN—the western gateway to Mexico! Yet to me, who was spending Christmas Eve in its environs, it was the most dreary locality I have ever struck; only an occasional grove of date-palms served to lessen the monotony of wilderness of cactus, gnarled *malapai*, mountains and endless assortment of thorny bush stretching away to the east, and to the west the far horizon of the broad Pacific's expanse.

The quarters which we were housed in were merely an adobe shanty, in comparison to the more luxurious surroundings to which we had been accustomed in the States, the walls of which did not quite reach to the roof, thus leaving a space of nearly half a foot, through which, during the frequent sand storms, sand and grit came pouring in on us. The place got on one's nerves, and it was little to be wondered at, during our stay in the town. We made a bee-line for the hotel—which quarters, though little better, did a great deal to dispel the gloom that settled over us.

On one of these visits to this inn my friend, Captain George Elliot and I made up our minds to have a look round the native quarters—and this being Christmas Eve, we set out to see what the visitor seldom ventures to take in on his or her usual short stay. On the way down we picked up another acquaintance, an Irishman named John Kevin, and the three of us made our way along the sea-front, until, turning off to the left we were soon in the native quarter.

Having wandered about over the world, the writer has seen, heard and participated in many strange and out-of-the-ordinary experiences.

Here is one which actually took place in the native district of Mazatlan, Mexico, on Christmas Eve and Morning.

The main thoroughfares are very much like those one finds in any Mexican town, but on going into the native quarter one steps suddenly into a Latin locality little known to the visitor. The tiny selling-booths, the little bazaars, the small, dirty liquor shops and shabby brothel rows are all typical of Latin America.

As we entered into the heart of the quarter, it was then that we suddenly saw him.

He was an old man, obviously an Italian, with a huge harp slung over his stooped back in a water and sand-proofed cover of canvas tarpaulin. He was wandering his way carefully through the crowds of natives that strolled aimlessly to and fro along the narrow alley.

John Kevin, being Irish, the sight of the stranger's harp apparently brought back to him memories, and he suddenly felt a strong desire to hear again the strains of the national instrument so far away from his home in Eire. Hastening his steps, he caught up with the aged musician.

"How about a tune on the old harp, stranger?" Kevin said, trying his best school French with its Irish twang on him, and not really certain just what the harpist's nationality was.

The stranger paused and his eyes looked up.

"But yes!" he said. "Why not? I shall play you the music—but how can I do it here?" He spread

out his hands suggestively. "Wait! You come with me; I know a nice little café. I will play for you there."

We followed the old harpist, Kevin in the lead, down the narrow alley, and through several narrower alleys, where throngs of natives jostled one another. We were now getting farther and farther away from the center of the town itself.

"I vote we go back," I said, stopping suddenly. "It isn't safe; for all we know the fellow may be a decoy. We don't know him, and we may find ourselves suddenly mobbed by this riff-raff, and probably be robbed of every cent we possess."

"Oh, don't be a fool, Lieutenant!" growled Kevin. "There are three of us; besides, the old chap appears quite harmless. See, he has stopped!"

A long shaft of light shone across the narrow alley road from out a native Mexican café, and in the doorway stood our harpist smiling. He beckoned to us, and in a few moments the three of us were seated at a small oil-cloth topped table within the establishment.

Mazatlan is perhaps one of the most cosmopolitan West Coast Mexican settlements in all Mexico, and a greater mixture of nationalities than the customers seated in that café it would be hard to find: black, brown, yellow and white; French, Italian, Portuguese, Costa Rican, Guatemalan, Panamanian, Colombian, Spanish, and many others who had, or at least acknowledged, no nationality.

"What will you have to drink?" I asked our new acquaintance, who was now already busily engaged in stripping off the cover from his harp.

"I drink the bottle of Chianti!" he replied. "It is the drink of my native land; and it helps to loosen my aged fingers."

The bottle of Chianti was brought and placed before him. He poured himself out a glass, drank it slowly, and then caressingly ran his fingers over the strings of his harp.

At the first few chords I knew he was a master.

Silence settled on the room, and that queer and motley gathering of assorted humanity leaned forward eagerly, tense. The old man smiled round at his audience.

"But first I shall play you an old song of my native land—it is the song of 'The Babe, the Christ Child' of my beautiful Italy," he announced.

Suddenly bending over the instrument, he seemed to forget our presence entirely. Moving his bent body gently in time with the refrain, his eyes shut, and his head tilted back, the old harpist looked like one who lived for the moment only in the music.

I have never before heard anything like it. The silence in that smoke-laden, sour-beer smelling room

spoke volumes. His gnarled-knuckled fingers moved like lightning over the strings, and the sweet, clear tones and refrain of that Italian Christmas carol of the Nativity somehow went straight to one's heart. If ever a harp spoke, that one did. Then, with a long, trembling chord, the music ceased, and a roar of applause shook the room. The old harpist had become the hero of the moment among that conglomeration of strange and varied humanity, and it was soon obvious that he was well known in the locality. Someone called for drinks all round, and a buzz of expectancy ran uncannily through the place.

"But, Pietro, it is most wonderful—wonderful!" cried a Frenchman who appeared to be of a better class than the others in the gathering. "Can you play the French songs?"

"I play the songs of all countries," replied the old harpist. "I have wandered very, very far."

"I'll bet you can't play an American one!" Captain Elliott quickly exclaimed.

"Give me the tune, my friend," returned the harpist, "and perhaps I shall remember. I know many songs from many countries."

Immediately Captain Elliott began to hum the air of "*My Old Kentucky Home*," but before he had finished one bar the old musician held up his hand.

"I know it very well; it is a good song," he said. "It speaks of the home and the old people. Is it not so?"

Once more Pietro bent his hunched shoulders over the harp, and again there was dead silence.

I have heard "*My Old Kentucky Home*" played and sung in many theatres to crowded audiences, to huge gatherings, and on the radio, but I hand the laurels to this obscure old Italian harpist of Mazatlan. I watched my friend, Captain Elliott, and thought I detected a mist in his eyes; I felt he was for the moment back in his own native Kentucky hills.

The Italian's power was marvellous; it was not merely the correct playing of an accomplished musician; it was the expression of a human soul actually living his music. All the longings, all the hopes of mankind in general were expressed in the sweet, ringing tones which old Pietro wrung from that old harp.

"Beautiful! Beautiful!" shouted the Frenchman, when the song came to its end, and the applause had died down.

"Now you shall play a Spanish song and I shall sing it," spoke up one of the dark-skinned Latins. "What do you know? Ah, yes—*La Paloma*. It is an old song, but a very good one."

Old Pietro seemed to be equal to most any emer-

gency. A moment later he had struck the first chords of the Spanish air, while the Spaniard, standing up, prepared to sing it. It was a great performance, for the Latin had a fine baritone voice.

"It certainly seems," remarked Kevin, a little later, "that we are in for a good *buckshee* concert in this dump. I must give the old chap credit, he's a wonder—sort of wasting his talents in a town like this dive is."

"He is," agreed Captain Elliott, "but doesn't it strike you fellows that this is a queer locality for us to be in at this late hour of the night?"

"To blazes with the hour—I'm hanging on here for the present," was Kevin's rejoinder. "I've never enjoyed myself so much since I came to this God-forsaken country! Here, waiter—three more drinks and another bottle of Chianti for the old chap."

The drinks were brought and the Chianti was placed before Pietro, who was just beginning to gaze sadly into his empty glass. Captain Elliott, finding that Kevin and myself had no intention of leaving just then, had to accept the inevitable, and he settled down again comfortably into his chair.

Then the impromptu concert began in earnest. Many of those gathered round sang their native songs, and the old harpist accompanied them faultlessly. First one would rise, and then another. By this time a crowd of Mexicans of all types and descriptions had gathered round the outside of the café, some with their faces pressed up close to the glass window, others leaning on the door-posts and about the entrance. It appeared as if everyone in the quarter was having a night out, celebrating in his own way Christmas Eve.

And that old harpist played to suit all tastes and nationalities; his repertoire of songs seemed to be unlimited.

On one occasion during the evening I thought I had caught him when I asked if he knew the Irish melody—"Irish Eyes Are Smiling." I had to hum over the first few lines, for many songs the old harpist did not know by their titles. Once again, however, he only smiled with his wrinkled and lined face, and the first notes of the famous melody rang out sweetly. How he had amassed his store of music by memory was completely beyond us. Perhaps it was due, as he said himself, to the fact that he had wandered in many lands.

It was, however, a most extraordinary scene for the night before Christmas—and in such a setting of squalor and conglomerate humanity as Mazatlan—the old harpist, who, as he played, seemed to be miles away; the eager faces all about, the gayly

dressed picturesque Mexicans pressing round the door of the dirty little café, the clinking of glasses, the popping of corks from bottles which held the cheapest of liquors, and over all a dense fog of smoke.

I glanced at my watch and could hardly believe it was so late—or rather early. It was ten minutes past two! It was Christmas Day! Some members of the gathering had already had too much to drink, and it began to look as if the affair might sooner or later end in a "rough house." I felt that it was about time for us to make a move homeward, and intimated as much to my companions. They agreed to my suggestion, and each of us handed over some Mexican money to the old man, for we had indeed been royally entertained by him and his music.

It was at that moment that a tall, dark Mexican with a huge sombrero entered the café, and as he strolled to the far side of the room he deliberately looked us over. I didn't like the newcomer's manner or bearing, nor his curiosity in our presence, which was insolent; and it appeared from his look that he had singled us out for his special attention. We were just on the point of rising to leave the place when the harpist turned his head and whispered:—

"Señors, do not go yet! I will tell you."

There came an interval in the music, and the old Italian seemed to be fiddling with the strings of his harp.

"You see that man—just come in—the beeg Mexican?" he whispered. "He is the head of a gang of villains, cutthroats, and might rob you—maybe kill you. Stay a little while longer. I will play the Spanish song; and perhaps he forget a while. Then you can go, but watch the back door."

I passed the word to my two companions, who were already conscious that there was something in the air, something that was dangerous.

"We'll have to make a bolt for it," I warned them, "and must do it quietly till we are right outside. The back door is watched by the Mexican's henchmen, perhaps, but—" here I glanced quickly at the crowd of natives hanging round the entrance—"the front seems to be out of the question."

During the singing of that next song we held a council of war, for we were well aware that in Mazatlan at that time of the evening—or rather morning—it was quite possible for one who ventured into the native quarter of the town to not return. This had, I was informed, actually happened on many occasions, and the local police were never able to arrest those who were guilty of the act. To add to our predicament none of us had any weapon about us whatever. If mischief were



actually intended, only a clever ruse would enable us to extricate ourselves.

However, several mineral-water and beer bottles were lying about on the tables, empty; but there happened to be two on the floor, close to our feet. Kevin, my Irish companion, was the first to notice them and to realize their value as weapons.

"What's wrong with the old mineral-water bottles?" he remarked suddenly, in a whisper. "I reckon I could deal a fairly hefty biff with one—almost as good as a shillelagh. There's one for each of us two," he continued; "the Captain can look about for another weapon of some sort."

I looked round, and noted in the far corner the Mexican was quietly smoking a cigarette, apparently quite oblivious of our existence, though we were well aware that this indifference might merely indicate the calm before the storm. Presently the old harpist turned to the gathering.

"I shall now play an old song, one that is older than all the rest," he announced. "Who among you will sing with me?" At the same time he looked at us significantly for a moment, and we understood what the old Italian meant.

A Panamanian, who spoke perfect Spanish as well as English, got up and prepared for the coming song. The old harpist entered into the strains of that song of songs on Christmas Day, "*Christ is Come!*"

We patiently waited until he was well in the middle of it; then we slipped quietly out. We passed through a kind of back-kitchen to the café, which was unoccupied; then picking our steps, we went along a narrow and dimly-lighted passage leading to the rear entrance. This was fastened by a long bar of iron resting in slots on either side of the doorway.

Very quietly and cautiously Kevin removed this bar—and presto! he had another formidable weapon. We heard a slight, shuffling step outside, and Kevin held up his finger, whispering, "They're outside, fel-

lows, and we must move quickly. One of you open the door; we'll make a sudden dive out. That will surprise the beggars."

Captain Elliott opened the door quickly and Kevin sprang through it like a wild cat. At the same instant three dark shadows rushed at him. He turned suddenly and leaping aside, caught one of them a crack on the skull with his mineral-water bottle. It was the last thing the Mexican assailant expected, and he went down like a log. Another instant and Kevin had swung his bar—but before he could contact his object, the two remaining attackers bolted away into the darkness.

By this time six or seven natives were hurrying toward us round the corner of one of the alleys, led by the big Mexican who had looked us over in the café, and we knew that very soon a mob would collect, for already the shouting must have attracted the attention of the neighborhood thereabouts. The newcomers didn't look particularly friendly, either.

"Run like blazes, fellows!" roared Kevin, "or they'll get us yet."

And run we did! If old Nick himself were at our heels, we could hardly have run faster.

I don't know how long we ran through those alley-ways before we shook off our pursuers, but it seemed like hours, and at last we found ourselves in the long and narrow main street of the town again. Here we dropped into a slow walk and soon reached more civilized regions of the place, where we felt comparatively safe.

We woke up the native porter in the inn, and sat on the patio until dawn came, talking over the escapade. In some ways it was a close shave for us, but it certainly might have ended very differently.

We never again saw the old harpist of Mazatlan, though often in fancy and memory, in my far travels, I seem to hear the clear, ringing tones of his harp echoing in the distance the beautiful strains of that last song—"Christ Is Come!"—which the old master played that Christmas morn, to save us, in Mazatlan!



### The Virgin Mother's Hymn

Hush, ye angels, fold your wings;  
Hearken to a wondrous hymn  
That a virgin-mother sings  
On a blessed, unheard-of theme.

"Babe of mine, O Babe of mine;  
Heavenly dew on untouched fleece;  
Sweetly Human, yet divine;  
Joy to men, to angels bliss."

Now, ye angels, join with us:  
"Glory be to God on high  
For this message wondrous,  
Peace to men for now and aye."

—A. K., O.S.B.



Aimée Torrian

## The Jester's Prayer

Illustrated by Pierre Juzet

It was in late November, 1226, that the Court Jester of Anresson announced to his lord that the ambitious and much feared Hugh of Valmondrois, was at the castle gates, ready to appropriate the castle, to put to death the Lord Jean, and to banish his daughter and sole heir, Raimonde. The faithful Jester, who had prayed that Raimonde's would be an unusual life—one in which she would bring peace and beauty into the lives of others—smuggled the child out of the castle and took her to a convent of nuns at Des Fleurs. A mishap in their flight resulted in a lapse of memory for Raimonde, and try as she would, she could not recall any of the circumstances of her early life. Philippe, a cousin of Sister Angele's, returned from the Crusades to find his castle besieged, the homes of his people burned to the ground. He was himself wounded by the arrows of the confiscator, Robert de Verley, and is desirous of setting right the grievous wrong done him. He is visiting his cousin at the convent.

"PHILIPPE SPOKE truthfully when he said that this is not an age for women. I cannot but weep, when I think of dear Deraine, her loneliness and her death. These warriors, such as Hugh of Valmondrois and Robert de Verley, turn even on their boyhood friends and their own blood kin. My child, see how much a woman's heart is needed in affairs of the outside world. With what wisdom, and justice our Abbess manages the working order of each day, in this, our world, the cloister."

It was the first time Raimonde had ever heard any of the sisters speak like this, and for hours she pondered over Sister Angele's words, and the many things that Philippe had told them.

Finally, the long winter ended and spring came to lighten the hearts of those who dwelt at Des Fleurs. Raimonde was permitted to go to the fields with two peasants who ploughed and planted the convent lands for the sisters. To be outdoors again, to run and jump and leap about in the sun, to smell the fresh turned earth, and watch the first signs of green on the hedges and on the trees, filled Raimonde with delight. The peasants taught her how to plant the seed; she also worked with them in the vineyard, loosening the earth around the gnarled vines. The wines from the vineyard of the convent were renowned throughout the countryside and it brought in a comfortable revenue to the sisters. With this revenue, they fed well their nuns and lay sisters, all the poor of the neighborhood and

sent a goodly sum to the poor in other districts less fortunate than they were.

The fertility of the soil, the marvel of rich crops fascinated Raimonde. It seemed to her that the nuns like the troubadours were the only people she heard of in the world who were not constantly engaged in warfare. Philippe's description of the aggression of the strong and the hopelessness of the weak, made a deep impression on Raimonde. Surely it was better for people to care for their farms and to take pride in the production of the necessities of life, than that they be constantly concerned with conquest and attaining more possessions and vaster lands.

As the days grew warmer, Raimonde worked in the garden with Sister Eloise. Often Raimonde would improvise gay little songs, her voice rising sweet and strong in the stillness of the place. When work was over she would take her lute into the garden and beside the fountain, she could watch the gleaming water as she sang, at the same time fingering simple accompaniments on her lute.

Outwardly, she seemed well content with the drowsy life at the convent, but within, a great change was stirring. Raimonde was trying to connect something in her obliterated childhood with an urge she now had to do some definite work in the world.

Gradually, a restlessness arose within her, which at times, was ill concealed. Sister Angele noticed her change of mood and questioned her concerning



it. Raimonde, replied quite frankly, "I long to see the great world, dear Sister. Something seems to call me out on to the wide roads that wind into the forest and over the white buckwheat hills. I envy the birds, by day and by night I soar through the skies with them. I do not want to see the world through the eyes of a woman. I would like to follow the Friar Francis, whose picture I have at the head of my bed. I want to go with him as he tells his doctrine of love to man, beast and bird."

"But Raimonde, child, thou art inconsistent in thy youth. One minute thou wouldst wander the broad white barley fields and the next, live the humble life of the barefoot Francis of Assisi." Sister Angele was tender with her growing ward. "Would it not please thee," she asked of Raimonde, "to go to my good aunt? There thou couldst learn the arts of tapestry and needlework, and thy tasks would be pleasant, for my aunt is a gentle, kind soul to all who serve her."

"But, Sister Angele, I will not do woman's work," Raimonde spoke emphatically.

"My dear child, tell me in all confidence if thou dost know anything of thy parentage? If I could but have some slight knowledge, I might place thee with some family that could give thee thy rightful place in this world."

"Sister dear," Raimonde answered softly, "I do try so hard to remember, but I recall nothing whatsoever of my childhood. I often ask Henri to describe the man who left me at the cloister gate, for somehow I feel if I could but know more about him, something might come back to me."

"I have told Henri many times, not to speak to

thee about that, Raimonde, for I fear it makes thee unhappy." Sister Angele was disturbed, seeing Raimonde's face white and strained, her eyes haunted and tragic. She laid her hand on the girl's arm and said tenderly:

"Do not try to tell me anything else. Thou art so disturbed, I shall never again speak to thee of this. I wish, too, that the other sisters would be more careful. Thou hast been a great blessing and comfort to the nuns and we all love thee dearly. Henri is an old man and likes to gossip, but I will warn him not to trouble thee about this again."

"Do not scold Henri, dear Sister, for it is I, who have oft asked him to talk about it. Thou dost know that I love the convent and thee most of all the nuns." Raimonde spoke with deep emotion.

"And yet, dost thou talk of leaving us. This is hard for me to grasp, but I must try to see thee as a perfect child of God, and if thy viewpoint differs from mine, this too I shall try to understand." Sister Angele spoke softly and her voice was comforting to Raimonde.

"The beauty and loveliness of this convent and thy love, dear Sister, I shall carry with me always. But I do know that I have work to do, out there on those long, winding roads. I wonder just what it is?"

"Come, child, it is now Vesper time." Sister Angele took Raimonde's hand in hers and together they walked toward the chapel.

"Before the Shrine of Our Blessed Mother, thou wilt find peace. She will guide thee, if thou dost ask her sincerely, to thy rightful place in this world."

## CHAPTER IV

### THE MOON FLOWER



HE WINTER passed and Raimonde's progress in music was a constant surprise and joy to the sisters, but her inability to recall anything of anybody connected with her childhood, or even to recollect an event prior to her entry at Des Fleurs, was a constant sorrow to them. They wished that something might be done for the girl. To them dwelling on the past, was a very necessary part of spiritual development, but not to Raimonde. Very often she would say to Sister Angele:

"Why must I remember what has passed, dear Sister? Isn't the future far more important to me?"

To this, Sister Angele always holding to her plan of patience and love, would merely shake her head.

As the spring days approached, Raimonde seemed worried and distraught in manner. She remained in the garden as much as possible. With the coming of the warmer days, travel along the road became heavier, and visiting prelates were almost constantly at the convent. Late one afternoon a caravan of players stopped beside the road, beyond the walls of the cloister.

The leader of the band of troubadours appeared at the garden gate, asking to buy bread from the convent and permission for the players to attend chapel.

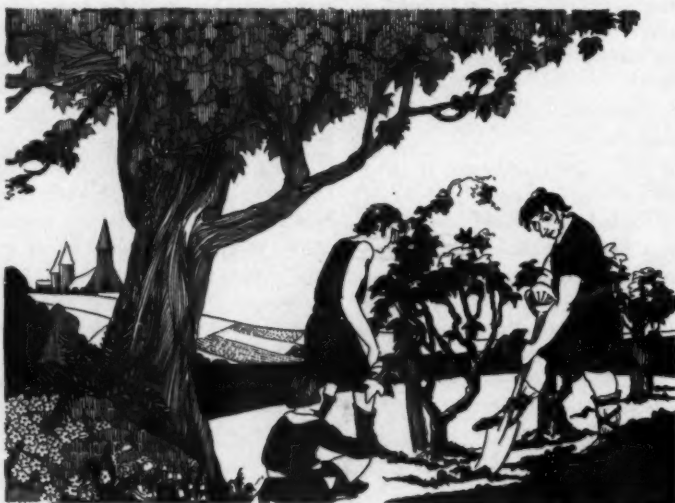
Alexandris, the chief troubadour, older than the others, was a merry, round-faced person, but with a manner that showed good breeding and a happy, kind spirit. His smooth speech and ingratiating

ways accomplished for him what one less presuming would never have gained.

Sister Elvette, in charge of the pantry, accepted the sum of money offered her by the troubadour and turned it over to the Abbess. Alexandrois, then departed laden with good, brown loaves of bread and permission to bring his companions to Vespers at sundown.

When at twilight a purple and pink glow flooded the chapel, from her corner in the choir loft, Raimonde watched the little group of gay troubadours. She was thinking much about their lives, the poems they wrote and the songs they sang, the tricks and magic they performed, the many good things the sisters had told her of these men and boys who dedicated their entire lives to song, rhyme, joy and entertainment.

Several times Raimonde tried to bring her thoughts back to the Vesper service; her lips murmured the words of the Chant, but the song was not in her heart. Something akin to a painting rose up before her, so real it was in contour and coloring, she could not see the familiar outline of the exquisite little altar, nor the nuns' habits of spotless blue and white, before her. Instead, she saw herself in a large garden; a massive grey stone castle was close by, yet shadowy in the background. She seemed to see herself as a very little girl playing and singing. With her was a strange looking, deformed man in a costume, not unlike those which the troubadours wore, perhaps more fanciful. Close by, sat another man in a large armchair, not an old man, but his face was worn and heavily lined. Raimonde knew this man to be her father. She rose to go to him. Sister Angele, ever solicitous about her special charge, seeing Raimonde rising before the Vesper prayers were finished fearing she was ill, came quickly to her side. Putting her hand on the girl's shoulder, she whispered, "Are you faint or ill, Raimonde?"



Suddenly the vision was gone, and again Raimonde was kneeling in her corner of the choir loft. She smiled at Sister Angele and nodded her head gently. The nun returned to her place and continued singing with the others.

With the passing of this glimpse into the past, Raimonde again remembered nothing; strangely enough, she could not even recall the picture she had just visualized. But a sweeping desire enveloped her, she wanted to join these troubadours, to go about with them, singing, dancing, travelling meeting people out in the world. Perhaps one day, her memory would be restored to her. Surely the active life she would lead with these vagabonds would be more conducive to this, than the seclusion of the cloister.

As the visiting prelate held up the Sacred Host in the Mons tr a n c e, Raimonde lifted her eyes, and as the others all bowed their heads, she prayed earnestly for the courage to tell these nuns, whom she dearly loved, that she wanted to leave them. But the more she thought about the possibility of their

letting her go with this group of men, the more she realized the utter inconceivability of such a plan. Only by running away could she accomplish what then seemed to her the inevitable.

Before the last strains of the singing had died away, Raimonde was obsessed with the thought of leaving. She had a plan whereby she could meet the troubadours, and then see if being with them might be all that it now seemed to her.

By eight o'clock the nuns were asleep, except the one sister who kept vigil at the chapel door. Raimonde knew that Sister Josephine, whose watch it was that night, was slightly deaf and very blind; therefore her escape would not be difficult.

At nine o'clock, clad in jerkin and hose, her lute slung over her shoulder, Raimonde crept out of the convent. She scaled the high wall with ease, and swiftly she ran to the camp beside the road. Tents

were pitched under a grove of live oaks. A huge fire blazed within their circle. Seated about the fire were some twelve men and boys, eating, drinking and singing in gay lilting voices.

Raimonde summoned up her courage and said, "I am a baker's boy from the village of Des Fleurs on my way to Blois. May I join your merry group and travel with them until then?"

Filled with good wine and high spirits the players made room for the lad at the fireside, telling "him" that he could remain with them forever, if he so desired and would sing for them.

Fearful that they might turn her away unless she granted their request, the girl swung her lute into position and sang for them this ballad, taught to her by the troubadour Jacque, the night that he had taught Raimonde the use of the lute.

*"And of such people I complain  
Who made me sorrowful and sad,  
For they who grieve when I am glad  
And when e'er they are complaining  
And on others' joy look sadly  
I behold their grief right gladly,  
Since my delight can then annoy  
Those who oft are me annoying."*

Raimonde's voice was soft and rich and it greatly pleased the merrymakers, so much so that they demanded more. Raimonde sang on and on, all the religious songs she had studied at the cloister and some that she improvised at the moment. So inspired was she, words and tunes seemed to come to her as naturally as the ones she had worked on so diligently with dear Sister Bertha.

Alexandrois, eyes agleam at this new found treasure, asked Raimonde to join the group of troubadours and to proceed with them through the provinces to the Court of Hugh of Valmondroids.

Camp was to be broken at early dawn. They wished to reach the next village before the following evening, as there

was a feeling of heavy storms in the air.

To Raimonde this was the beginning of a broad highway. To the players she was merely the acquisition of a valuable young boy, who would bring popularity to the troubadours and turn the heads of the ladies at the courts, eventually becoming a source of much gold for this particular band of jongleurs. Although some of the men were of low class, there were several members of this group, who, like Alexandrois, were men of high principle. They took their work seriously and considered their calling a lofty one.

Raimonde did not sleep that night. She watched the convent walls, which she could see plainly outlined in the silvery moonlight. She wondered and pondered over which would be the right thing for her to do. Should she return to the sisters, which, at the moment seemed a more comfortable choice for her to make? Lying there on the cold damp ground made her hard bed at the cloister seem like one of roses. Yet, they would never let her leave, if once she returned. If she regained her memory and then came back to tell them her motive for leaving, surely Sister Angele, for whom she cared the most, would understand.

The nuns believed in vocations, Raimonde knew this. Often they had questioned her about becoming a nun. Surely, the call she had received in the chapel at prayers, was as much a message from God, as was the urge to enter the convent.

After telling herself this over and over, Raimonde, who had never shed a tear at the cloister, started to cry. She wept aloud, actually sobbing, fearing every minute to waken the weary troubadours. She knew these carefree travellers thought her a boy, and therefore she could confide in no one. She must make her decision alone. Come what might, she would have to accept the results of this decision, alone.

(To be continued)





**O**PPPOSED TO Capitalism we find totalitarianism and Communism offered as a cure-all. In an economic discussion, both Nazi totalitarianism and Russian Communism can be grouped under one head, for they are only different aspects of the same thing. Both deny the rights of the individual, one subordinating them to the State and the other to the proletariat. If monopolistic Capitalism is individual selfishness, Communism or totalitarianism is collective selfishness and the common man suffers equally under either form. Capitalism insists its enemies are all Reds, while Communism insists its enemies are all grafting Capitalists, both usually finding it convenient to forget all about the economic teachings of Christianity as advocated by the Catholic Church. Although Capitalism and Communism claim to be exact opposites, actually they appear much the same to the average workingman, for both deprive him of his individual rights and liberties, to say nothing of his economic freedom. Both entirely neglect the inherent rights of the individual to attain the highest personal development possible, consistent with the rights and privileges of his fellow men.

Where Capitalism deprives the masses of their right to share equitably in the world's wealth by creating a business system which is closed to all but a favored few, Communism deprives the individual of his heritage by confiscation, turning it over to the proletariat which, in actual operations, closely resembles the abuses of Capitalism. Although the theory of the masses owning everything in common may possibly look good on the surface—like the claims of Capitalism that everyone has equal rights to share wealth under its system—the fact remains that all the people forming the proletariat can not possibly be bosses, so, once again, the necessity of a duly constituted authority becomes necessary. This authority is claimed by a dictator who delegates his duties to bureaucrats who look no different to the workers than a capitalist employer. Almost invariably these bureaucrats form a ruling clique which rules for its own perpetuation, regardless of the common good. Definite examples show that world justice is no more obtainable under Communism or Socialism than it is under monopolistic Capitalism. Although Communism has made many valid charges against Capitalism, its proposed remedies have been lifted almost in their complete entirety from Papal encyclicals. Observers of the struggles among the classes are forced to remark that when both Capitalism and Communism are forced to suggest something for the common good, they almost always

## The Three Remedies

H. C. McGinnis

In a series of three very timely articles H. C. McGinnis giving the apparent causes for the strife frequently appearing in the world, the solution as taught in the Encyclicals of the Pope. It is his having no axe to grind for either camp. Part two of

take a leaf from the Church's social-justice program.

Since both Capitalism and Communism see so much desirability in the Catholic program when they desire to advance unassailable proposals, wherein lies Christianity's strength in solving economic problems? In the first place it is only sensible to admit that the Creator, when He created man, also established certain unchangeable laws by which man could obtain his maximum progress, happiness and development. These natural laws, together with the Divine laws, form the only basis for correct human procedure. The Church, perpetual guardian of God's kingdom on earth, offers these laws for mankind's guidance in ways applicable to existing conditions and requirements. They are not subject to debate except by atheists.

The Church's social-justice program is based upon the acknowledgment that man has a soul, that he is an inherently free individual, and that he must not be denied the right to earn sufficient for his needs and those of his family. The Church believes in private ownership of property which, according to the Communists, makes the Church capitalistic. But the Church does not believe in monopolistic capitalism, for it denies that the individual has the right to make his money in any way he pleases, especially when that way causes oppression of his fellow men. While Christian doctrine does not object to a man's making money legitimately, even in large quantities, it does insist that after a man has sufficient to maintain himself and family in their proper station in life, he owes consideration to charity—that his surplus money must be used for the benefit of the common good.

Wealth is not created by man; it is the property of God. Man is but God's instrument in producing wealth in a form usable by mankind. Man brings no wealth with him into this world, nor does he take any away with him. Although he may be born into wealth, this is a matter of circumstance and not the result of anything he has done. Every faculty he uses to gain wealth was inherent in him

# Remedies Offered Labor

C. McGinnis

C. McGinnis discusses the real problem confronting Labor, recently appearing between Capital and Labor, and outlining Pope Pius XI's solution. It is as fair a treatise as can be written, Mr. McGinnis writes. Part two follows:

at birth and is not of his own creation. By his own will, he can not add an inch to his natural stature or change from a blonde to a brunette. His ability is but a reflection of the Creator's gifts. Therefore he can claim nothing more than a stewardship which must be exercised in the laws of Christian brotherhood. The Church teaches that human society must be a Christian fellowship if the Creator's plans for His children are to reach their goal of justice and happiness for everyone.

How then, specifically, does the Church's plan for social-justice fit the present day American picture? How can it solve the struggles between Capital and Labor? How can it produce that justice for all for which the American nation was founded?

To begin with, this is a capitalistic nation. America's almost unbelievable progress has been the result of private enterprise. Capitalists are entirely correct when they say that the initiative and the ambitions produced by private enterprise are responsible for our great and rapid development. Yet the capitalistic class has evidently forgotten that much of the nation's progress is due to extremely rich natural resources and that in many instances their discovery was the result of sheer accident rather than research. There is nothing in humanity's laws, either written or unwritten, that says this natural wealth—God's property—was put here for the sole benefit of any particular class or favored few. It was put here for the common use of humanity, the poorest having the same claim to it as the richest.

Here was where American Capitalism succumbed to greed, avarice, and selfishness. It began to formulate ways and means by which this great natural wealth would be kept in the hands of a very few for selfish purposes. When matters reached the point where 98% of the wealth was controlled by 2% of the people, the condition of the masses was in a bad way and would have been worse except that those in control saw the advisability of giving the masses enough to keep them barely placated. Inasmuch as a democracy is created to benefit all

the people, the nation began to gradually edge away from democracy into a plutocracy in which the plutocrats began to feel that the masses exist only for their benefit. This idea, which is Liberalism arrived at its ultimate goal, proves conclusively the fallacies of Liberalism which monopolistic capitalists claim is the only true way of life.

The American masses realized that something had gone wrong with the American way of life, for they had an inherent conviction derived from their forefathers that America should be a land of justice for all. True to American tradition, they set out to change conditions in a temperate way rather than by wholesale violence and bloodshed. It was here that subversive doctrines made headway, for they pointed out the injustice of the bulk of the wealth being held by a few. While these doctrines preached truthfully the right of all persons to share gainfully in a nation's production, they did not state that the system they had devised to correct this evil simply proposed the transfer of power from Wall Street to either a corporate state or else to a proletariat dominated by a dictatorial bureaucracy. Under Wall Street the individual might possibly have a little something of his own; but under Communism he must surrender everything he possesses, even the right to life itself, and become nothing more than a cog in a machine, stripped of all individual personality, initiative and individual progress.

Without a third remedy, the situation leaves the American masses gloomy. Under monopolistic Capitalism there is nothing ahead except a continual class warfare and bitter hatreds as the laboring classes struggle to secure their natural rights. The adoption of Communism or any similar theory is unthinkable to intelligent Americans; for the last thing on earth an American wants to surrender is his individuality. Americans just don't have it in them to be cattle in a driven herd. So, without a sound third remedy, the American masses would find themselves between the devil and the deep blue sea.

Christianity offers that perfect solution impossible under either Capitalism or Communism. As stated above, the Church's social-justice program stands for private enterprise and private ownership and this, of course, satisfies American traditions. The Church further advocates the right of collective bargaining, something neither Capitalism nor Communism offers. Capitalism grudgingly accepts the workers' right to bargain collectively only when forced to; under Communism there are no unions and therefore no machinery to secure the righting of wrongs. Yet the right to bargain col-



lectively is not a complete solution, especially when the employer has held the whip for years and can usually force a compromise settlement which is always less than the workers' original demands. The real problem is a fair and just distribution of the proceeds of production. Here is where the Church's program becomes a panacea for most of the world's economic injustices.

Although we usually think of capital as money, actually there are two kinds of capital: money-capital and labor-capital. Each must have the other if the maximum progress is to be made and each is entitled to its rightful share of the gains. Money in itself is not productive. Money lying idle in bank vaults will not produce a penny increase. Labor in itself can accomplish little. The man digging a ditch must procure a pick and this pick becomes his money-capital, for money-capital is something other than physical strength used in production. All the labor in the world could not build the Union Pacific railroad, for the construction would require tools and materials, both a form of money-capital. Therefore it becomes evident that Capital and Labor are somewhat like Siamese twins.

Under the present Capitalist system, one of these twins is unfair. One feasts upon the best of food, at the same time permitting the other only enough to keep body and soul together. In only a few instances does Labor share in the profits of production. It must be content with its wages, which are rarely higher than the least the employer can get

away with paying. Money-capital feasts, labor-capital subsists and occasionally goes hungry.

Yet Capital and Labor are both entitled to share in the profits of their combined production and neither must profit at the expense of the other, else, sooner or later, they will be working at cross purposes to the disadvantage of both. How then can Labor share in the profits? The answer is: by participating in the ownership and management of the enterprise—the Catholic solution.

Obviously, since neither Capital nor Labor can function without the other, they must be considered partners in any enterprise they undertake. It is customary for partners to share in the profits according to some pre-arrangement; and wages are definitely not profits. A wage is the price received for energy expended and must not be confused with the gains accruing from successful transactions or enterprises. The answer then lies in the method of sharing the profits after the material costs of the operation have been met, a just wage for labor has been paid, and a fair rental paid on the cash employed. Some American firms are sharing their profits with Labor in this way and the example at the beginning of this article covers the results in a particular case. In a later article, the writer will discuss in detail some of the methods successfully used by various concerns to reach a more just and equitable distribution of the profits resulting from the combined efforts of Capital and Labor.

*(To be concluded)*



## *Who Is Wealthy?*

They say he is wealthy,  
They speak in hushed tone—  
A million, at least.  
But he sits there alone.

They say she is poor—  
Not a cent of her own.  
But friends are around her  
She isn't alone.

—Martha M. Boutwell

## Books and Booklets in Review

### THE MYSTERY OF KONNERSREUTH

Rev. F. Thomas, C.M.F.

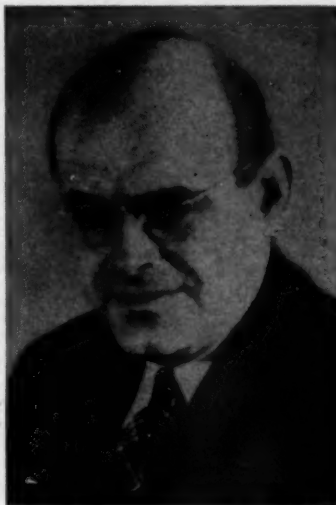
**T**HE author here records generally well known facts from the extraordinary life of Theresa Neumann of Konnersreuth. With these facts he blends his personal observations made during several visits at the Neumann home. The author throughout remains in the attitude of a reverential believer as to the subject of his study. The book would be much more convincing if these facts were presented with a more critical evaluation and in a linguistically better form. One readily overlooks an occasional typographical error: but when such errors occur frequently—in a small book at that—they detract from the value of the book. But aside from these, on page 114, Theresa is reported to have examined a visitor's conscience by asking: "How does it look for attendance at Church?" This evidently is intended to be the English for Theresa's well known "*Wie steht es um den Kirchenbesuch?*" On page 106 there occurs this unique version—rather perversion—of a Scripture text: "They [the mystics] can all say with St. Paul: 'I am making amends for what is lacking the Passion of Christ' (Col. 1:24)." This is what St. Paul said: "What is lacking of the sufferings of Christ I fill up in my flesh for his body, which is the church." A.K. Order from: F. Thomas, C.M.F., 4553 Brooklyn Ave., Los Angeles, California.

Have You ordered your copy of "We Who Died Last Night"?

### "SWEET SACRAMENT WE THEE ADORE"

Rev. Iso Walser, O.S.B.

**T**HIS pamphlet is well arranged for its purpose. Although the matter is arranged somewhat in the form of an Office it hardly escapes being a "book of devotions," perhaps a little too soft for the noble purpose it is intended for. One would think that for the purposes of Eucharistic Devotion the ancient patristic and official sources should have been more freely tapped. An adaptation of some of Saint Thomas's doctrines might have given more nourishment to the noble ambitions of adorers.



Quentin Morrow Phillip  
Author of *We Who Died Last Night*

Although the petitions are chosen from the Lord's Prayer, they go beyond the intent of that Prayer. A more objective and less subjective attitude would have made such a pamphlet more universal, yet none-the-less personal. One wonders how long one could use the booklet without tedium. G. B.

Order from Benedictine Convent of Perpetual Adoration, Clyde, Missouri. Price 10¢.

### VENITE ADOREMUS

Phillip Thomas Weller

**T**HE pamphlet is one of those of which some will say: "The people will not understand it. What's the use starting something new?" It is a step forward in reality, because it is ancient and according to the mind of the Church, since it is the Liturgy's chief aim to acquaint the people with the Mysteries of Christ. It may be called liturgical because it touches on the doctrine of Christ's birth in scriptural language, and not merely in sentimental words. The priest can help to initiate his congregation into the language of scripture by giving an exposition previously. It will do the people good to hear their pastor pray his

breviary out loud. It will do them good to have an opportunity of saying out loud: "Christ is born to us. Hasten to adore Him," and, "Come let us praise the Lord with Joy."

The pamphlet will do a good mission if it is placed before the crib, since there are always those who 'go sight-seeing' and never stop to pray before the crib. G. B.

Order from Pio Decimo Press, St. Louis, Mo., Price 10¢.

### THE APOSTLES' CREED

Rev. Gregory Smith and

Rev. Charles J. McNeill

**T**HIS is the beginning of a series of three discussion-club textbooks which will cover the doctrine, the moral law, and the ritual of the Church as presented in the revised Baltimore Catechism. The subject matter is divided into sixteen brief chapters, sufficient for an entire season of cooperative study. The text of each chapter is supplemented by discussion aids and suggested practices. It presents a comprehensive treatment of the doctrine of the twelve apostles, well divided up into little spiritual snacks, tasty and easily digestible. A brief sketch of the organization of The Religious Discussion Club, the duties of officers, meetings, together with additional suggestions and an order of the meeting are given in the Introduction. B. B.

Order from Catholic Action Series, Wichita, Kansas. Price 25¢.

Have you ordered your copy of "We Who Died Last Night"?

### FAMILY LIFE IN CHRIST

Therese Mueller

**T**HIS little booklet promotes a cause which is most worthy, yet all too neglected today, namely, the life of the Church in the home. "Bringing Home the Sacraments," (page 7) has always been the ideal of the Church in her liturgy.

We who live today see all too often how parents spoil the First Holy Communion day of their children by stressing the externals of dress and other make-ups. Also too often parents gladly forfeit their sacred duty of early instructing their children.

"The younger the child the more it is the duty of the parents, especially of the mother, to prepare him for the great event" (First Holy Communion.)

Concerning the marriage of sons and daughters of the Church the author beautifully says: "We shall not be tempted to cover up and hide the marvelous spiritual significance of the (wedding) day behind the screen of secular etiquette...with regard to accidentals." The booklet must come into the hands of priests before it can become eminently useful. G. B.

Order from The Liturgical Press, Collegeville, Minn. Price 10¢.

#### DAILY COMPANION FOR SECULAR OBLATES OF ST. BENEDICT

THE title of this booklet is certainly not misleading; it is a daily companion. A Benedictine Oblate will find in its pages a complete program for the Oblate life—instruction (Chapter I), guidance and duties (Chapter II), ceremonial (Chapters III and IX), spiritual advantages to be gained (Chapter V), prayer (Chapter VI). Its brevity will invite the Oblate to consult its pages frequently for a renewal of the Oblate spirit. The clear statement of the Benedictine principles basic in the daily life of the Oblate and the convenient size of the booklet justify the title "Daily Companion." This booklet fills a need that most Oblates have already experienced. It removes the indefiniteness that sometimes retards the Oblate's progress in his new life. Zeal that is looking for a guide will find all its questions clearly answered in the "Daily Companion." Oblates who make this book their "Daily Companion" will find it invaluable. The Benedictine Sisters of Clyde are offering to Oblate Directors and their flock a practical handbook of the Oblate life. Directors and promoters of the Benedictine Oblates have in the "Daily Companion" the ideal pamphlet for prospective Oblates. The booklet expresses clearly the spiritual ideal of our Benedictine Oblates. It shows the practical application of the Holy Rule and the Vows of Benedictine cloistral life to our "lay Benedictines" in the world. The deep, Christian character of the Benedictine Oblates is very evident. The "Daily Companion" eliminates the false idea that the Benedictine Oblates is just another organization where name on the book and dues to the treasurer entitle one to rich spiritual advantages. Future Oblates

will not misunderstand the spirit of their institute after the first impressions of the "Daily Companion." B. S.

Order from Benedictine Convent of Perpetual Adoration, Clyde, Mo. Price 15¢.

Have you ordered *your* copy of "We Who Died Last Night"?

#### TAKE COURAGE

Rev. Bruno Hagspiel, S.V.D.

THIS booklet is a veritable gold mine for the faint-hearted. In its pages the pessimist will find the answer to his own unanswered prayers. His apparent failure to advance spiritually will be explained. He will find that suffering of the keenest kind has its solution.

The author builds a structure of optimism throughout by driving home the fact that the other fellow has a worse existence. By means of such slogans as "Boost yourself too," and "Learn to let go," he struck a sympathetic note that will appeal. The booklet is enhanced by its poetry, pictures, anecdotes and its solid quotations. As it begins, so it ends with Our Lord's words of encouragement. G. H.

Order from The Mission Press, Techny, Illinois. Price 10¢.

#### FRIENDS AND ENEMIES OF HAPPINESS

Rev. Albert H. Dolan, O. Carm.

THE author's source is, as he acknowledges, Father Farrell's "Companion to the Summa." He has made a philosophical study of the enemies of happiness (the seven capital sins and their subsidiary vices) and, of the friends of happi-

ness (the seven virtues opposed to the seven capital sins). They are treated in the following order: temperance and gluttony; purity and lust; meekness and anger; humility and pride; charity and envy; liberality and covetousness; joy and sloth. The morality of each of the capital sins is pointed out. Psychologically, the booklet produces a very good effect, namely, that it shows the beauty and attractiveness of virtue on the one hand, while on the other, it shows the repelling character of vice, while offering some hints on the effective eradication of it. G. H.

Order from Carmelite Press, 6413 Dante Ave., Chicago. Price 15¢.

#### DARE TO LIVE

Rev. Albert H. Dolan, O. Carm.

"Dare to Live" is a challenge to live a good Catholic life in spite of the often repeated statement that even pagans lead as good lives as Catholics. The author stresses the unique character of Catholicism, to which the pagan is denied access, namely, union with God through grace and the sacraments. As a result of these God has mingled his own divine life with the good Catholic's life. The objection that there are sinners in the Church is set aside by Christ's mission to call sinners not the just. A vigorous and rich Catholic life is a possibility only for the soul generous in love and self-giving. As a human example for Catholics to imitate, the life of the Little Flower is depicted. Her ordinary human life dares the Catholic to live a fuller life with God. G. H.

Order from Carmelite Press, 6413 Dante Ave., Chicago. Price 15¢.

#### THE CATHOLIC LABOR SCHOOL

Rev. William J. Smith, S.J.

A PHILOSOPHY of labor is quite appropriate during these disturbing times. *The Catholic Labor School* is a movement to prepare the Catholic workingman by guidance and study to grasp the meaning of correct labor principles and their practical interpretation in the workingman's daily life. This pamphlet of thirty-two pages, including questions for discussion, will serve as a guide to such a group of men, based as it is on the actual experience of the Crown Heights School of Catholic Workmen, Brooklyn, N.Y. (T.H.)

Order from The Paulist Press, Price 5¢



# FORGOTTEN TREASURE

*By James J. Walsh*



OLD JOHN CARTER was rocking in his favorite chair on the porch, when he saw Ned Johnson out of the corner of his eyes open the side gate and cross the lawn. He stopped rocking and set his grim mouth a little harder.

"Meddlesome old frog," he muttered, as Ned reached for the porch rail and laboriously climbed the steps.

"How're you, John?" he chirped brightly. "Thought I'd stop by for a word or two. You're looking fit."

Old John might have been alone for all the attention he paid his visitor.

"We're having the Holy Name rally out at Morton's place, come Saturday. Thought you might use a ticket," continued Ned.

He paused and looked patiently at the old man who ignored him so masterfully.

"Always a right good time at the rally," he went on, but with a faint note of irritation creeping into his quiet voice. "We'll be glad to have you along John. Now, what do you say?"

Old John began to rock again, slowly and deliberately. Ned leaned against the rail and busied himself with his pipe. He felt himself getting angrier as he stared at the stubborn old man across from him. The flame in his eye was enough to light his pipe, as he hobbled over the porch floor.

"Haven't you the decency to answer a man?" he said with his voice rising. "You sit there like the statue of that Japanese god and with the look of a grave-digger on your face. You've been like that for months. Good grief, man, you act like you are neither dead nor alive, but somewhere in between."



Old John looked up gravely and fastened his eyes on him. "I've told you before and I tell you now, it's none of your business how I look or what I do. Do you understand that, it's none of your business?" he shouted.

Ned was taken back and his wrinkled face suddenly softened. "I know, John," he said with understanding. "It's none of my business, but I'm saying it for your own good. I can remember the happy days when you were different. Sure you're all alone now, but you needn't be. You're gloomy and broken like, but there's still laughter and hope in the world."

He stopped and looked out across the lawn where the trees were acknowledging the presence of the wind with much nodding and bowing. As if he had gained strength, he turned back briskly.

"The main trouble with you, John, is that you got rid of God when you felt you didn't need Him. Things have changed now, but you won't listen to your conscience and admit you're wrong."

He expected an explosive answer, but Old John merely stared into space. So Ned gathered more strength.

"It's time you're making your peace with God," he said persuasively. "We've had our day. It won't be long now before we'll have to give an account before the Lord." He shook his head sadly and pocketed his pipe. "You know Father Sullivan is the grand man and he'd be more than happy to help you, John."

Ned wasn't getting anywhere and he knew it. But he wasn't easily discouraged. If he could only shake John out of his stupor, it might make him think. He glanced slyly at the old man as a new thought struck him.



With the seriousness of a man using his last bullet, he said softly, "John, you don't want your little Becky up there to be ashamed of her father, do you?"

If he had slapped Old John's face, the reaction wouldn't have been more startling. The old man reared back in his rocker, his face screwed up in sudden anger. Ned stepped back, genuinely frightened. Dumbly, he watched Old John struggle to his feet, stride heavily across the porch and down the steps.

Up the street he hurried, his face dark with consternation and his mind full of hate for the man who turned the knife in his wound. Becky! Little Becky, who had haunted his thoughts all over again these past months and brought back, in his loneliness and sorrow, all the poignant memories of her brief little life. Wasn't it enough to have lost her once without being tortured again with the bitter reflection of how life might have been, had she lived? He had tried to thrust the thought away, as he had done many years ago. But then he had work to distract him. Now, there was nothing to do but be plagued by memories and old fools like Ned Johnson. What made him mention Becky after all these years!

He found himself at the park and looked for his favorite bench near the fountain. With a long sigh, he sat down and tried to relax. Just a few yards in front of him was a group of children romping on the grass. The sight made him impatient and he was about to change to another seat, when his eye caught a little girl busily mothering her doll. Old John watched her despite himself and felt the hard lines of his face soften, as she jumped busily from one distraction to another. He was tired and weak and his hands were still shaking crazily. Moving over a bit, he leaned his head back against the tree and, through half closed eyes, followed the antics of the little curly head. It was strangely soothing.

Up above, the sun was playing hide and seek with a few dark clouds. The wind, a little stronger now, was pleasant on the face.

"Why are you so sad?" asked a little voice, like the sound of a tinkling bell.

Old John was startled.

He looked down at the speaker and heard himself say, "How do you know I'm sad?"

"You are. Anyone can see it. Why aren't you happy?"

Strange the questions this little tyke could ask, but stranger yet, he was willing to answer.

"I'm an old man, little lady. My family is all gone. I live with strangers who don't understand me. My work is finished, but I keep on living for no reason. All I see is failure, in myself and in the world," he muttered almost to himself. Then, as if suddenly conscious of his little questioner, he said wearily, "But you can't understand that."

"No, sir, I don't know what you mean. It's all mixed up. I'm sorry you're not like my Daddy who makes things easy. Didn't you tell your little girl what my Daddy tells me?"

"How do you know I had a little girl?"

"Doesn't every nice man have one?" she asked with surprise. "My Daddy tells me," she hurried on without a pause, "that all people should be happy because the good God wants us to be no matter *how* cross we feel. He said we must always remember God created us to love Him and He gave us all the beautiful things in the world, like the birds in the park here and the pretty flowers, to help us know Him and love Him more. Daddy says all beautiful things are like mirrors of God Himself. So, if you are sad, you must not love God," she said, shaking her head wisely. "God allows sorrows to come, just to see if we love Him then as much as we say we do when everything is nice and we're real happy."

Ned Johnson would gladly have passed up the rally at Morton's place could he have been present here. For Old John wasn't grim and savage now. He was spellbound. While the little voice droned on, he strained to catch every word.

"If I am naughty," she went on firmly, "I feel sad, too. But I tell our Lord I am sorry and then I feel warm all over and happy as can be. Why don't you tell God you are sorry. You'll feel good too, and won't want to die."

She paused and came closer to Old John. "I'm sure," she said, "you told all that to your little girl, but you just forgot it."

Old John rubbed his







ST. BENEDICT

## The Life and Miracles of St. Benedict

as narrated by St. Gregory the Great in the  
Second Book of Dialogues freely translated by

*Jerome Palmer, O.S.B.*

### II

**I**N SOLITUDE the holy man became famous for his virtues and miracles; he gathered together many to live in the service of God, so many, in fact, that with the assistance of God he built twelve monasteries, in each of which, after appointing Abbots, he placed twelve monks. He kept a few with himself who he thought would be better instructed in his company. Immediately religious and noblemen of the city of Rome began to hasten to him, offering themselves and their sons to be reared for God.

Eutychius brought Maurus, and Tertullus, a patrician, brought Placidus, both very promising sons. Maurus, the younger of these, since he was esteemed for his good character, became his master's coadjutor. Placidus, however, still conducted himself with a boyish disposition in accordance with his age.

In one of the monasteries which he had erected

there was a certain monk who could not remain at prayer, but as soon as the brethren had knelt at the place of prayer, he would walk out and while away his time thinking of earthly and transitory things.

After being admonished very often by his Abbot, he was taken to the servant of God, who severely reproved his foolishness. Returning to his monastery he heeded the admonition of the servant of God for scarcely two days, but on the third day, resuming his evil practice, he began to wander about during the time of prayer. When this was reported to the servant of God by the Abbot whom he had appointed for this monastery, he said: "I will come and by my own influence I will correct him." The servant of God came to the monastery, and at the appointed hour, the psalmody being finished and the brethren engaged in prayer, Benedict saw a small black boy dragging outdoors by the hem of the

rough chin and drew his hand hastily across his eyes. "Yes, little one, I believe I did tell her. . . and then forgot. But I remember it all now. You know, she was just like. . ."

A loud clap of thunder echoed through the park and brought Old John up with a start. The rain was pelting down and already his clothes were wet. Bewildered, he looked for the little girl, and was amazed to see there was none left in the park.

He sat stunned for a moment, trying to catch the loose ends of his thoughts. Slowly, it came to him. The first smile in many a day lighted his tired old face, as he pushed himself up off the bench and sloshed off in the rain.

But there was sunshine and laughter in his heart, as he turned the corner and headed in the direction of Fr. Sullivan's Rectory, murmuring over and over again, "Dear little Becky, you didn't forget your old Pop."

garment that monk who could not remain in prayer.

Then to Pompeianus, the Abbot of the monastery, and to Maurus he whispered: "Do you not see who it is who is drawing this monk outdoors?" When they answered, "No," he said to them: "Let us pray that you also may see whom this monk is following." After two days of prayer the monk, Maurus, could see; but Pompeianus, the Abbot, could not. On the next day, then, when the man of God left the oratory and found the monk standing outside, he struck him with his staff for his blindness of heart. From that day on the brother suffered no further persuasion from the little black boy, but remained motionless at his place during prayer; and thus the ancient enemy, as if he himself had been struck by the rod, did not dare to take possession of his mind.

Of the monasteries which Benedict erected in this locality, three were up high among the cliffs of the mountains, and it was extremely laborious for the brethren always to be obliged to go down to the lake to get water, especially since the steepness of the mountain side was considered very dangerous for those descending. So the brethren of all three monasteries came to the servant of God, Benedict, saying: "It is very troublesome for us to go all the way to the lake every day for water; we ought, therefore, to move our monasteries from this place." Benedict received them and consoled them kindly, and that same night with the child Placidus, whom I have mentioned before, he ascended the cliff of this mountain and there prayed for a long time. Having finished his prayer, he placed three rocks in that place for a marker and returned to his monastery. When on the following day the brethren returned to him, reminding him of the necessity of water, he said: "Go, and hollow out somewhat that rock on which you find three stones placed one upon the other; Almighty God is able to produce water on the top of the hill too, if He deigns to take from you the labor of so great a journey."

Going they found the rock on the mountain already moist as Benedict had foretold. And when they had made a hollow place, it at once filled with water. The spring which flowed abundantly still flows freely and runs down to the very bottom of the mountain.

At another time a certain Goth, poor in spirit, came to the monastery and the servant of the Lord, Benedict, gladly received him. One day Benedict asked that a sickle, which being like a pruning hook is called a bush-hook, be given him that he might cut down the briars from a certain plot to clear it for a garden. The place which the Goth undertook

to clear lay along the bank of a lake. While the Goth was cutting away the dense briars, the blade, slipping out of the handle, fell into the lake, into such deep water that there seemed no hope of recovering the blade. The trembling Goth hastened to the monk Maurus, confessed the fault which he had committed, and being pronounced guilty, did penance for it. Maurus soon reported the incident to the servant of God, Benedict, who went to the place, took the handle from the hand of the Goth and put it into the lake. The blade promptly arose from the deep and joined itself to the handle. Benedict at once returned the sickle to the Goth saying:

"Work, and do not be sad."

Another day while the venerable Benedict was resting in his cell, Placidus, one of this holy man's monks mentioned before, went to draw water from the lake. Carelessly dipping the vessel into the water he fell into the lake. Immediately a wave seized him and carried him almost an arrow's shot from the land. The man of God, however, reposing in his cell, knew it at once, and quickly called Maurus, saying: "Brother Maurus, run because that brother who went to draw water, has fallen into the lake, and already the waves have carried him a great distance!"

A wonderful occurrence, and unheard of since the Apostle Peter! Having asked and received the blessing, Maurus, running, carried out the order of his Abbot; and, thinking he was traveling over land, he ran on the water all the way to the place where the boy had been carried out by the current; holding him by the hair he returned with rapid steps. As soon as he touched the shore, having returned to himself, he looked behind him and realized that he had run upon the waters. Returning to the Abbot, he related the occurrence. The venerable man Benedict began to attribute this not to his own merits but to the obedience of Maurus. But Maurus said it was done through his command alone, and that he himself was not a participant in that power, as he had performed it unconsciously. But in this friendly contention of reciprocal humility, the boy who was saved approached as arbiter; for he said, "When I was being drawn out of the water, I saw above my head the Abbot's mantle, and I thought he was drawing me from the waters."

As these regions far and wide came to know and to love Christ, many abandoned their worldly life and submitted their souls to the light yoke of the Redeemer. As depraved men are wont to begrudge a good man the virtue which they themselves do not desire to possess, so a priest of a neighboring church, Florentius, by name, the grandfather of

Florentius, our subdeacon, being misled by the malice of the ancient enemy, began to envy the attainments of the holy man, and to disparage his manner of living; and even to restrain whomever he could from visiting him.

When he found he could not hinder his progress, and that his reputation for sanctity increased, and saw great numbers incessantly led to the state of a better life by the renown of his reputation, he, inflamed more and more by the coals of envy, became worse; he desired to enjoy the praise of a holy life but was unwilling to live a praiseworthy life. Blinded by the darkness of this envy, he was led even so far as to send to the servant of the omnipotent Lord poisoned bread as if for a blessing. The man of God received it with thanks, but the poison concealed in the bread, was not unknown to him. At the hour of his refection a raven was accustomed to come from the neighboring woods and to receive bread from his hand.

When it had come according to the usual custom, the man of God threw before the raven the bread which the priest had sent and commanded him saying: "In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ take this bread and put it in a place where it can be found by nobody." The raven with open beak, began to run with spread wings around the bread, and to croak as if it would plainly say that it wished to obey but was not able to fulfill the command.

The servant of God commanded it again: "Pick it up, pick it up without fear, and throw it where it cannot be found." He waited a long time; then the raven seized it, lifted it, and flew away. Having disposed of the bread, he returned after the space of three hours and received from the hand of the man of God the usual rations.

But the venerable Abbot perceiving the priest to be plotting against his life, grieved for him more than for himself. Since Florentius was unsuccessful against the life of the master, he now directed his efforts towards the destruction of the souls of the disciples; for this purpose he sent seven shameless girls into the garden of the monastery in which Benedict dwelt, to arouse in the minds of the disciples the wickedness of lust. The holy man seeing this from his cell, and greatly fearing the danger to his still very young disciples, realizing that this was solely for his persecution, yielded to the envious man and arranged for the brethren to live under the appointed prefects in the monasteries which he had built, and taking with him a few monks, he himself moved from this place.

As soon as the man of God fled from his malice, the unhappy priest was struck by God in a terrible manner. For when standing in his room, he saw that Benedict had departed and he had rejoiced over it, the whole structure of the house in which he was standing fell and, crushing the enemy of Benedict, killed him.

A disciple of the servant of God, Maurus by name, thought this ought to be announced immediately to the venerable Father, Benedict, who as yet was scarcely ten miles away from this place, saying "Return, for the priest who persecuted you is dead." The servant of God, Benedict, hearing this, was moved to great grief, both because his enemy had fallen dead, and because his disciple rejoiced over the death of an enemy. Wherefore Benedict imposed a penance upon this disciple, because, bringing such news, he had presumed to rejoice over the destruction of an enemy.

## *The Grail Has New Editor*

It is with unfeigned and unconcealed regret that THE GRAIL staff sees Father Cyril Gaul retire as Managing Editor. An ever increasing number of duties, an ever increasing number of classes, have made it imperative for Father Abbot to relieve Father Cyril from the strenuous work at the helm of THE GRAIL.

Since Father Cyril's appointment to the managing editorship in April, 1937, THE GRAIL has enjoyed a phenomenal growth, its circulation increasing over 1000%. This increase represents an inconceivable amount of work on the part of the Managing Editor, which could not but take its toll in sagging shoulders and greying hair.

Father Cyril's interest in THE GRAIL continues, and he has characteristically offered to assist in any capacity, should the need arise. It is the hope of the Staff that he will soon be sufficiently relieved from other quarters and restored to the magazine, where his leadership will be sorely missed.

Father Paschal Boland has been appointed to succeed Father Cyril. Father Paschal has been Associate Editor for two years and will continue the policies followed by Father Cyril.

# Letters from a Seminarian

## I

Minor Seminary  
St. Meinrad, Ind.  
Dec. 1, 1941

Dear Mom and Dad,

You have questioned me in your last two letters as to the reason for my delayed correspondence. Well, although this is the hardest thing I have ever attempted, I decided this morning that I would force myself to get this missive written today.

It's—well—gee, I just can't seem to say it now that I have pen in hand. Anyway, here goes—straight from the shoulder. Do you remember how during my last year at home, when I said I thought I wanted to study for the priesthood, you (although I could see you were overjoyed) refused to give me any gushy encouragement like some parents would? You told me (I remember well) "always keep in mind that you don't have to please us. Satisfy God and we will be happy." I felt then that this was God's choice for me—that I should give myself in the sacerdotal state.

Last year everything was so new and different and, yes, exciting, that now I think perhaps in my eagerness I ran away from the real me.

This past summer I enjoyed more than any other because I could once more sit down on the porch and have an old time confab with dad and once more sneak into the kitchen and surprise you with a bear hug, Mom, meanwhile pilfering a handful of cookies. Being with you was so wonderful that I must admit I dreaded coming back. But I thought this was just a temptation against my vocation and I dismissed it with a silent prayer.

All of this drawn out and seemingly pointless scribbling serves just as a kind of prologue for what I want to say. When you drove away from the building on that first day of this school year, I had a dreadful sensation in the pit of my stomach. I thought that this feeling would soon depart. It hasn't—and so after two months I'm convinced that what I've been feeling has not been homesickness but really God's way of telling me that this isn't the place for me.

I have dreaded and put off for two weeks the moment when I knew I must tell you that your dreams of receiving your ordained son's blessing would have to be tucked away—out of sight, if not out of mind. But

I know that you do not want me to misfit myself for life. I've been thinking quite a bit of that which you told me the year before last about pleasing God and not man. It is with this in mind that I'm writing that I must quit in fairness to myself and to you, since I feel as if I'm going along on the wrong track. But not for two weeks, because in a weaker moment I gave my word that I wouldn't leave until this period had elapsed. You remember Pat of whom I spoke so much last year and the fellow whom you met and liked so well? This year he is a prefect at my table and has continued in helping me in various ways. He has been a big brother to me, really. I told him about wanting to leave and then it was he made me promise to stay just a bit longer. I wouldn't have complied if he hadn't been so insistent. I feel convinced it will be useless and that in two weeks I'll be once more at home.

This letter can't convey to you just how much struggling I've been doing.

Mom, don't feel badly, please, about this new decision of your loving son,

Tom.

## II

Dec. 14, 1941

Dearest Everybody at Home,

At this writing I'm literally effervescing joy. I can hardly remember that ten days ago I was deep in the "dumps," so deep in fact, I was determined to leave the Seminary.

It was your letter that started me back on the right track, when you advised me to turn everything over to Christ and to our mutual Mother. I had been almost dodging my chosen spiritual director as I didn't think I could tell him just how I felt. I was ashamed, I guess. But I couldn't understand why. But was I ever a sap! When at last I followed your advice and summing up courage went to his room I found that—

well,—Dad, if there is anyone in this world who is your duplicate, Father surely takes the cake. Thirty minutes with Father straightened me out inside completely. To my surprise I found that I wasn't the only one to hit rough spots. There are temptations which come to all who are striving to live a life of spiritual perfection. This life would be easy if there were no temptations, but priests wouldn't be the "Other Christs" that they are had not each one been forced to fight hard every step of the way through seminary days. In other words the priesthood is a hard earned honor.

I suppose that I didn't realize that faith is one of the most important

virtues for a seminarian. Father persuaded me to read the life of the Little Flower and, surprisingly, I found that I could strike a comparison in many ways. The weight that I felt upon my mind and soul was similar to one of St. Therese's clouds. They obscure the sun of spiritual consolation and force us to believe in God and His goodness by faith alone. It's tough going but look at St. Therese. She persevered in this darkness and aridness of soul and became a saint. Then I began to reflect and suddenly the thought came—what am I Irish for, if it's not to fight tooth and nail every temptation of Satan, following the Little Flower's "short cut to heaven" with





## GLORY TO THE NEWBORN KING

**D**ECEMBER may bring the first of the bleak cold days, telling us

that summer is gone. The falling leaves whisper that life, too, has its end and will some day be finished as is the year. To brighten our lives and to give us courage the great Treasure that God promised is bestowed upon us as the year ends. It is the supreme gift of His Divine Son, Jesus, who is to be our salvation. The Son of God was born of a spotless Virgin Mother at Bethlehem, in a little cave, because there was no room for the Holy Family in the Inn.

It was almost too late when St. Joseph read the notice posted on the temple door, that Caesar Augustus had issued a decree; that all the Roman world was to be enumerated or enrolled, each in his own city. As Joseph and Mary were of the Royal House of David, they proceeded, in all haste, to Bethlehem. St. Joseph procured, for the Blessed Lady, who was with child, the patient animal, the ass, and he walked beside her. It was about five o'clock in the evening

when they reached Bethlehem. The days were short and it was getting dark. St. Joseph went to the inn to secure lodgings, but the inn was filled to capacity. There was no room for the poor.

With a sad heart dear Saint Joseph went to a cave on the outskirts of the town, where he had once taken a wounded lamb. Here he tried to make Mary as comfortable as the meager surroundings would allow. He then went to a spring for a pitcher of fresh water and while he was away the Blessed Saviour was born.

*Tradition* tells us that there was a great longing in the heart of Mary and she went into an ecstasy. There was no spasm, no anguish. When she realized her surroundings she looked about and the Infant Jesus lay on the hem of her robe. The Blessed Jesus, her son, was born.

When St. Joseph returned he was filled with reverential awe, joy and humility as he saw the

Divine Infant in His mother's arms. The Blessed Mother wrapped him in swaddling

clothes and laid Him in the manger. There was great merry-making, dancing and feasting at the Inn on that festive night, but the great bliss of beholding "The Joy of the World," the Son of God, was denied them. Not so with the simple, humble shepherds. They heard the Angelic Choirs singing "Glory to God in the Highest and Peace on earth to men of Good Will." The shepherds forth-with left their flocks and went over to Bethlehem, and were the first to adore the New-born King. After their adoration, they like good shepherds returned to their flocks, on the hills of Judea.

Our Dear Lord calls Himself the Good Shepherd. As one with Him, conscious of our Weakness and distrustful of ourselves, but with faith in His promise "To be with us always," we take the road of the future, surrendering ourselves to the care of His wounded hands. Thus we face this complex life to greet every trial, tribulation and joy.

a firm faith trusting in God's care and a great love, fighting as though everything depended upon me and believing as though all depended upon God?

Father said that there comes a time in the life of every seminarian when the Master, as it were, temporarily blocks progress either mental or spiritual to remind him that only by faith can the Way be illumined,

the Burden lightened, and the Truth revealed.

Dad, I know you'll be saying that from the content of this letter your son is going to make a lengthy preacher in later years, but I'm telling you this so that you'll know and appreciate my new feelings.

These last two letters have been so devoted to my recent experience that you might think I've forgotten

all about Christmas and the approaching holidays. Don't worry, however, as I've been smelling Mom's fruitcake and pudding for three weeks. So get the Christmas tree decorations out of their eleven months' retirement and open the front door—for here comes

your happier than ever,

Tom



## Stein am Rhein

The cloister of the ancient Benedictine Monastery of St. George at Stein on the Rhine, Switzerland.

**S**TEIN IS AS interesting as it is charming, and so full of old-world tales and buildings that it is difficult to know where to begin a description doing justice to all. Perhaps before visiting the town proper, we might spare a quiet hour for the little island, bordered with rushes in which the wild ducks nest, and which lies at peace on the clear, calm, blue waters of the Rhine.

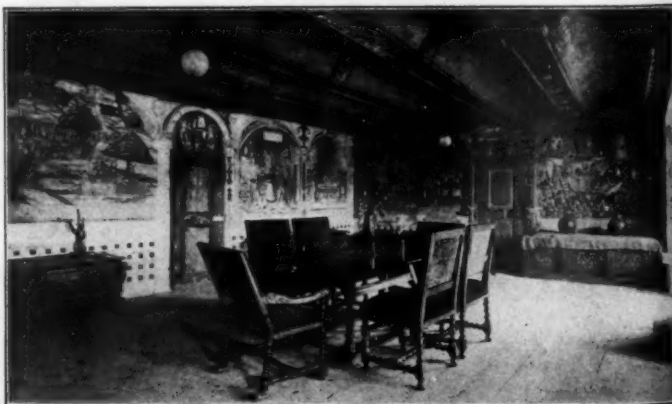
The island is called the island of St. Othmar, and passing between the willows and poplars where the nets are drying round an unkept bit of green, we come by a weed-grown path to a deserted little chapel, "without cross, stained glass, or bell, with no saints, Virgin or altar, with never a soul to offer up a prayer," as Paul Fort says. This lonely little sanctuary was dedicated once upon a time to Othmar, abbot of St. Gall, and since jealousy is sometimes a fault of even clerics, it appears that the then Bishop of Constance grew envious of the pious Othmar and banished him. This took place as long ago as the seventh century, so details are a bit obscure, but the abbot died in exile, and alas! his once venerated memory is as much neglected today, as is the little

chapel erected to it, for long a place of pilgrimage.

Returning to Stein, the first thing to be noticed are its ramparts, its walls and towers. For Stein has lived through stormy times, and together with her allies, Schaffhausen and Zurich, has known what it means to "*faire bonne face à mauvais jeu*." The fortifications prevented the town from extending far on the landward side, but such a restriction has only added to the picturesqueness of the little city; the buildings gain in height what they lack in breadth, and gables and pointed roofs and narrow attic-windows stand tip-toe to catch a glimpse of distant hill or lake, or to watch what is going on in the streets beneath.

The houses themselves are unique in Switzerland, with their graceful architecture, sometimes Gothic, sometimes Renaissance, their sculptures, their quaint projecting eaves, their red wooden beams, their most wonderful frescoed fronts. Sometimes the subjects chosen for the frescoes are mythological, sometimes they are scriptural, sometimes allegorical, and the famous inn, "Weisse Adler" proves a joy to lovers of the *Decameron*. For there, besides frescoes portraying the story of the "*faisceau*"

The Festive Hall of the Monastery of St. George, Stein-am-Rhein, Switzerland.



the symbol of union, the figures of different Virtues, and those of Venus and her little son, the artist has called in Boccaccio, and two of the great Italian's well-known tales adorn the walls of this old Swiss tavern. The two love-stories chosen are those of "The Toad, or Innocence Vindicated," and the one dealing with Jean de Procida and the girl of his heart, Restitua. Both these frescoes are full of life and energy, and fine types of Renaissance work in Switzerland.

Two other inns are hard by, and both are frescoed, the "Sonne" with a magnificent sun shining on Alexander the Great, facing a very dishevelled and hairy Diogenes, pointing a skinny arm derisively at the Emperor, with a view, perhaps, of proving to the great soldier, that the philosopher's tub has never been included in the worlds he has conquered. The third inn, the "Rote Ochse," is apparently of a serious turn of mind, for all the decoration is of a moral or religious nature. Patriotic Judith, powerful King David, and other Biblical celebrities add color to the old walls, while the parable of the Wise and Foolish Virgins affords a series of interesting portraits matching those of symbolical figures of Melancholy, Wisdom and other "honnêtes dames," as they have been quaintly called in old French.



Stein-am-Rhein, Switzerland.

We are by no means at an end of the places to be visited in Stein, and lack of space alone obliges us to refer but briefly to the handsome Rathaus with its frescoes, stained glass, standards and armor, and to the far-famed Abbey of St. George. This religious foundation dates back to the year 1005 A.D., when a ninth century Benedictine settlement from Hohentwiel came to establish its domicile on the site now partly occupied by Stein. The convent grew and prospered and reached the climax of its glory in the fifteenth century, whence date its cloisters and rich interior decorations. Stein am Rhein acquired ownership of this monastery in 1927.

## The Way of Apostasy . . .

*Walter Sullivan, O.S.B.*

Have you ever heard a man say: What's the use of going to Mass on Sunday anymore or abstaining from meat on Friday according to the Church . . . since I have married out of the Church . . . or since I don't go to Church anymore?

And you are supposed to say: "I guess you are right. What is the use? Satan has most of you; might as well give him the rest of you. You are about to perish of yellow fever; what difference if you get influenza and tuberculosis? You are out of the Church by a wrong marriage; why not settle down on the way to hell and speed up the trip by cutting yourself off from all the remaining cords that tie you to your Faith and to Christ?"

What would you say to the ex-American who says: "No use anymore honoring the American flag or singing the Star Spangled Banner . . . since I became a Fifth columnist?"

Return to your Country and serve her that you may wave her flag with love and fervor.

What would you say to Benedict Arnold who says:

"No use keeping my buff and blue uniform of the continental army when I am betraying my country and Washington?"

Give up your perfidy and embrace your country's cause again that you may deserve the uniform and the love of Washington.

What would you say to the Catholic who says: "I quit the Church by a bad marriage. No use anymore going to Mass or praying a rosary or making the sign of the Cross . . . since I have given up everything else. Since I have very little left of my faith at all. I should throw that little away and be poorer and more wretched still?"

God forbid. That you may go to Mass with more love and less hypocrisy . . . give up the crime that makes you seem a hypocrite. Don't give up the Mass and Christ. Give up the sinful attachment. Break with the thing that is damning you that you may once more with the fervor of a young child kneel at the Communion rail and make the sign of Christ's Cross on your body.

## Open Forum

This Month

Leslie E. Dunkin

What Can I Do Now?

“**W**HAT can I do now?” Who hasn’t asked himself this question—possibly more than once? An unexpected obstacle may have arisen to block former efforts. A friend or co-worker may have fallen short of what was expected. Possibly an individual proved to be untrue to the responsibility placed in him.

The experience of others—people such as Thomas A. Edison—helps to determine what can be done now, for the best future of all.

### QUIT?

Thomas A. Edison had to face this question many times, especially early in his difficult career. He sensed there are three general kinds of reply to be made to such a challenging question. The first of these was that he could stop completely and do nothing more about it. He would have a good excuse for not making any more serious efforts toward any particular success. People would not expect so much from him, once they would know the serious handicap the young man had to face.

While busy in the improvised chemical laboratory in the railroad car where he also stored his newspapers, young Thomas was threatened by a serious fire when a stick of phosphorus was jarred to the floor and set fire to the car. The enraged railroad conductor lifted the surprised boy by his ears, to get him out of the railroad property with his dangerous experiments. Something snapped in the boy’s head. The incident led quickly to his later serious deafness. What could any boy or young man expect to do successfully with such a physical handicap?

As an Edison, he could not think of being content to sit back and do nothing—even though he would be handicapped with serious deafness all the rest of his life. His forefathers in his father’s family had been active in American life and history, when the pioneering spirit

was necessary. His forefathers in his mother’s family had been quite religious with a strong faith in God and what He can do for any faithful individual. Quite a number of ministers were to be found in his mother’s family. This pioneering heroism and faith in Edison refused to let him quit with the easy explanation, “I can’t, I won’t do anything!”

### EVASDE IT?

A second possible answer, no doubt, appeared in young Edison’s active mind. He could evade this serious handicap of deafness. He would have a very good reason for seeking a kind of work, which would not require the use of his hearing. No doubt, he could find any number of such openings, where he could apply himself and gain at least a reasonable amount of success.

Once people would know about his physical handicap, they would be ready to turn help his way, which would make his efforts much easier. His future success in life would be given greater assurance for realization. In fact, the handicap might bring a much greater success to him in a much easier way for him. What more or what better could anybody in his situation wish for himself?

This “easy” way did not appeal to him. His success would be due to the great pity from others, rather than to any great effort or sacrifice he himself might make. He wanted to be really proud of his success when he had finally gained it. He did not want to have to make apolo-

getic explanations for the way he had gained whatever place might finally be his. He did not want to have to apologize even for his physical handicap.

Another serious thought arose concerning any desire to evade the handicap or obstacle. If he should evade this obstacle, how could he tell but what whenever any hindrance or obstacle might arise later he would then try to side-step it? If this continued, he might spend most of his time trying to avoid whatever might seem to be difficult for him. Worthwhile progress could not be gained by following such a policy.

### CLIMB HIGHER?

Only one other answer could be made to his serious question, “What can I do now?” He had refused to quit or to evade the obstacle. He decided to use his handicap, so it would be an aid to him rather than a hindrance. He was determined to climb even higher with and because of his physical handicap.

He used his deafness to help him to concentrate upon his own task. At first he could hear only his own telegraphic instrument. The continual chatter of the other instruments and the other workers did not reach his hearing. Later when complete deafness was his, he was able to concentrate undisturbed upon the experiments in his laboratory.

He made still further use of his deafness. He turned his attention toward improving the transmitter of the telephone. Its great fault had





# Meditorials

Paschal Boland, O.S.B.

Failures should not discourage one who is sincere in the struggle for perfection. After all, it is a struggle.

*A fellow with a dirty mouth is like a foul ball—no good! Spiritually he won't get to first base, much less home—Heaven.*

A back-slider is not one who slides safely to base.

*Satan plays a tight game of ball. Think twice before you let him pitch to you. Sometimes with him one strike is out.*

One who acts uncharitably proves his spiritual deficit by his deeds.

*A natural process of becoming supernatural is by spiritual exercises.*

Some people are bears by nature and are always growling. To get along with them one must let them growl, but never give them anything to growl about.

*It is significant that a reed was given Christ for a sceptre and not a rod of iron.*

We sometimes think that we have come to the end of our rope, and as we clutch at the last strand, behold God comes with His grace and gives us a new rope.

*If we cannot help those in distress we should at least offer them our sympathy and our prayers.*

been that the person's voice was too weak to be heard clearly. Edison decided that if he could improve it such that he with his deafness could hear a person's voice clearly, the telephone transmitter would be more successful for everybody else. This was what he did.

With his deafness, he turned his attention toward developing the reproducing work of the phonograph. The overtones in music and the hissing consonants in speech were

Some married people deprive themselves of children because they say they have nothing to give them. But what of the gift of life? Is it not above all gifts, above all wealth, education, or worldly advantages? It gives a soul a chance for Heaven and eternal happiness.

*One cannot lead a fast life and a life of prayer.*

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## Home

The curtains are old,  
But they're crisp and white,  
And through the lace  
Trickles cheerful light.  
The chairs are scarred  
And the rugs worn bare,  
But they can't detract  
From the love and care  
And the thought secure  
That fills the air—  
This is home!

—Martha M. Boutwell

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It is better to die with a thousand good deeds to one's credit than with a hundred thousand dollars in the bank for the care of stray cats and dogs.

*A Saint is one who perseveres in aiming at the stars until he finally makes a bull's-eye.*

giving considerable trouble. Thomas A. Edison turned his attention toward recording the word "specie" clearly and satisfactorily on the phonograph. Day after day he tried to make a satisfactory record of this one word, but each time he was not satisfied with the results. Twenty hours were spent each day on this single effort. Days increased to weeks and the weeks to months, but still the word, "specie" was not recorded clearly. Edison refused to

To those who seek to avoid the hard things in life let them remember: *One does not live on dessert alone.*

*A successful life is a well-balanced mixture of Faith and common-sense.*

*The way of the world is the way of the flesh and the dollar, but the way of Christ is the way of the spirit and the eternal reward.*

*At times life is a tight-rope act. One false step is fatal.*

They say an Irishman is half bluff; but you had better not call the other half.

*A man that does not read is a man that has gone to seed.*

A love and a practice of asceticism for the sake of being very ascetical, does not bring a soul to God but very often to eternal ruin.

*How many think of going to receive Our Lord in Holy Communion when faced with a serious temptation?*

A pill, even with a sugar coating, to the initiate is still a pill.

*The critic of the human side of the Church should remember that the weak instruments are wielded by Divine Hands.*

Although the grass in another man's pasture may seem greener, you are sure that your children are sweeter.

quit or to change to something that might be easier for him. After trying for an entire year, he finally recorded the word "specie" clearly and satisfactorily.

Thomas A. Edison climbed higher with the hindrance of his physical handicap because he had refused to quit or to evade obstacles for an easier way—his answer to his personal question, "What can I do now?"

# Brother Meinrad Helps

A 32 page pamphlet, illustrated, of Brother Meinrad's life and virtues may be obtained from THE GRAIL, Saint Meinrad, Indiana. The price of the pamphlet is ten cents. Please send two cents additional for postage. The remarkable interest in this humble lay-brother both in Europe and America would seem to mark him as one of those souls chosen by God to set an example of the simple virtues to our age.

My request was granted, for which I promised publication.

(M.C.) Penna.

I prayed a few weeks for a great favor. I have been waiting years for it. My prayer has been answered.

(C.A.T.) Ill.

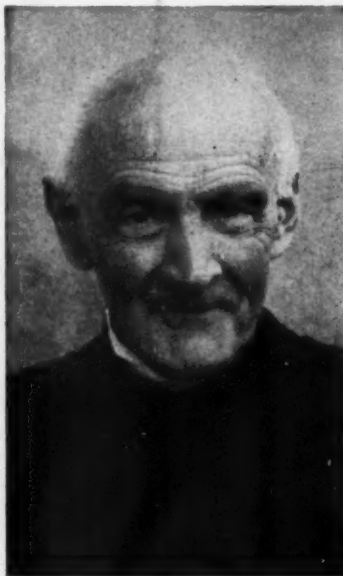
I sincerely wish to give all credit to Brother Meinrad for a very miraculous answer to my prayer for financial aid. I was unable to meet my mortgage note and there was no one to whom I could turn. All the people who loved me and were interested in me were dead. I said any help would have to come from the other side. This is just exactly what did happen. A few days before the note was due, I received a letter telling me that there was a small amount of insurance due the estate of my aunt who had died 7 years ago. The amount was just enough to take care of my needs and tide over the emergency. This was really a direct answer and I would do all I can to spread this information in an intelligent way. I have many friends who tell me they also have received help.

(K.F.) Ill.

I promised to ask you to publish in THE GRAIL if my daughter had a safe and easy child-birth and her husband found work. I obtained these favors through the intercession of Brother Meinrad and the Holy Family.

(E.S.) Ind.

The Servant of God, Brother Meinrad Eugster, O.S.B., whose cause for canonization is proceeding rapidly, continues to grant remarkable help to those who invoke him. The Holy Father is now being petitioned to sign officially the commission to investigate formally the works of this virtuous lay-brother. A holy picture bearing his photo and a prayer to God for his glorification will be sent to any who ask for it. Please send an addressed and stamped envelope to the Reverend Jerome Palmer, O.S.B., St. Meinrad, Indiana.



Enclosed is a small donation for favor received through intercession of Brother Meinrad, namely, a complete change of living conditions in less than a week's time. I will continue to ask his help and to keep you informed of the results.

(E.H.) New York

I prayed to Brother Meinrad to help my eyes and to see that my health be spared. He answered my prayers. Please mention this in THE GRAIL.

(M.R.W.) Ind.

Please publish my thanks for work obtained during the novena I made from June 12 to June 20.

(G.H.) Ind.

I promised to publish in THE GRAIL my sincere thanks to Brother Meinrad, in helping to find a purse that had been misplaced. I am very grateful.

(E.R.) Ind.

My brother was to be operated on and I asked Brother Meinrad to help him come through it all and he is well and back at work. You may publish this.

(R.L.) Alabama

My mother has high blood pressure and heart trouble. We called the doctor one evening and he told us she was very bad off. Only that day I had been reading THE GRAIL and remembered about Brother Meinrad Eugster, O.S.B. I have also received a job through his help. I live to see his canonization soon.

(C.L.) Mo.

I have been praying to Brother Meinrad for a very special favor for my father and mother. They have received it. I promised the holy brother to publish his kindness. Through him my prayer has been heard. Assist me in keeping my promise by publishing this favor in the Grail.

(B.B.B.) Ind.

Please publish an acknowledgment of favors obtained through Our Lady of Lourdes, the Infant of Prague, St. Joseph, and St. Albert.

M.R.

## Are You Moving?

My old address —

.....Street

.....City.....State

My new address is, or will be

.....Street

.....City.....State

Signed.....

If you are moving, or have moved, do not fail to fill in and mail this notice to THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Indiana

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